

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

A Journal of Literature, Science, and Art,

AND RECORD OF UNIVERSITY, ECCLESIASTICAL, EDUCATIONAL, SOCIAL, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

No. 186 (2346).—VOL. VIII. NEW SERIES.]

London, Saturday, January 18, 1862.

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The Proprietors of the LITERARY GAZETTE have to announce that the price of their Journal is now reduced to Threepence unstamped and Fourpence stamped. A desire to give the public the full benefit of the Abolition of the Paper Duty has actuated them in this step; and they may further say that the reduction is genuine, and not, as in so many other cases, a mere sham, where the lowering of price has been followed by a corresponding deterioration of quality both in paper and in matter. There will be no change in the LITERARY GAZETTE in either of these points, so that the public will derive a bonâ-fide advantage.

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The FRIDAY EVENING MEETINGS will commence on the 17th Instant.

Professor TYNDALL—"On the Transmission of Heat through Gases."

The LECTURES will commence on the 21st instant. The following are the arrangements:

BEFORE EASTER, 1862.

Professor J. MARSHALL, F.R.S.—Twelve Lectures "On the Physiology of the Senses."—Tuesdays, Jan. 21 to April 8, at three o'clock.

Professor TYNDALL, F.R.S.—Twelve Lectures "On Heat"—Thursdays, Jan. 23 to April 10, at three o'clock.

Rev. A. J. D'ORSEY, B.D.—Five Lectures "On the English Language"—Saturdays, Jan. 25 to Feb. 22, at three o'clock.

H. F. CHORLEY, Esq.—Four Lectures "On National Music"—Saturdays, March 1, 8, 15, and 22, at three o'clock.

Professor H. E. ROSCOE—Three Lectures "On Spectrum Analysis"—Saturdays, March 29, April 5 and 12, at three o'clock.

AFTER EASTER.

C. T. NEWTON, Esq.—Four Lectures "On Ancient Sculptural Art," illustrated by Specimens in the British Museum—Tuesdays, April 29, May 6, 13, and 20, at four o'clock.

Rev. G. BUTLER—Three Lectures "On the Art of the Last Century"—Tuesdays, May 27, June 3 and 10, at three o'clock.

Professor LYON PLAYFAIR, C.B., F.R.S.—Six Lectures "On the Progress of the Chemical Arts in the last Ten Years"—Thursdays, May 8 to June 12, at three o'clock.

Professor T. ANDERSON, F.R.S.—Seven Lectures "On Agricultural Chemistry"—Saturdays, May 3 to June 14, at three o'clock.

The admission to all these Courses of Lectures is Two Guineas. To a Single Course of Lectures One Guinea or Half-Guinea.

THE FRIDAY EVENING DISCOURSES before EASTER, 1862, will probably be given by Professors Tyndall, Pollock, W. Hopkins, and Huxley; Dr. W. Odling, Messrs. James Ferguson and A. E. Durham, Professor Oliver, Messrs. W. S. Savory, F. A. Abel, J. A. Froude; Commissioner M. D. Hill, and the Astronomer Royal.

To the Friday Evening Meetings Members and their Friends only are admitted.

New Members can be proposed at any monthly meeting. When proposed, they are admitted to all the Lectures, to the Friday Evening Meetings, and to the Library and Reading-rooms; and their Families are admitted to the Lectures at a reduced charge.

Syllabuses of the Lectures and Friday Evening Discourses and further information can be obtained at the Institution.

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Jan. 1862.

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Members whose premiums fall due on the 1st of January are reminded that the same must be paid within 30 days from that date.

December, 21, 1861. JOSEPH MARSH, Secretary.

LAW LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICE, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

2nd January, 1862.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that a GENERAL MEETING of the Proprietors of the Law Life Assurance Society will be held at the Society's Offices, Fleet Street, London, on SATURDAY, the First day of February next, at twelve o'clock at noon precisely, pursuant to the provisions of the Society's Deed of Settlement, for the purpose of receiving the Auditors' Annual Report of the Accounts of the Society up to the 31st of December last; to elect Two Trustees in the room of the Right Hon. Lord Campbell, deceased, and the Right Hon. Lord Abinger, deceased; to elect a Director in the room of Benjamin Austen, Esquire, deceased; and for general purposes.

The Director to be chosen in the room of Benjamin Austen, Esquire, deceased, will remain in office until the 24th day of June, 1862.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JAN. 18, 1862.

REVIEWS.

GRATTAN'S REMINISCENCES.*

This is another contribution to the "mountains of dead ashes, wreck and burnt bones" dug up from past times. It is a collection of unimportant anecdotes and valueless reminiscences, diluted by a copious addition of aqueous moralizing. It is commonly and rightly supposed that the history of no man is without interest and edification, and Mr. Grattan has evidently come forward with this plea. But we must postulate that it be a history. We refuse to accept such a thing of thrums and patches as these *Beaten Paths* for history. In vain do we look through the two volumes before us for any picture of man, or man's life; in vain do we look for any serviceable material for such a picture, or for any artistic power in working up such material as the author had; nay, we scarcely discover one of those anecdotes, bon-mots, witty sayings or other productions of the Joe Miller school, which writers like Mr. Grattan generally supply as mental pabulum for their readers. Surely the fact of having written one or two works of more or less popularity, and of having met with one or two persons of more or less note, is not sufficient to justify the author in expanding his few scraps of reminiscence by aid of much windy talk and fifth-rate moralizing into two actual volumes. "Reminiscences," "recollections," "sketches," "memorials," and books of that class of modified personality," says Mr. Grattan, "put forth no programme of a general record of events, and may only deal with fragments of facts, or isolated traits of character." This may be true, but we have a right to expect some sort of principle or motive to underlie the whole; or even if there is not this, that at least the fragments of facts and isolated traits of character should be worthy the attention of sensible people. Mr. Grattan's book, in our opinion, fails to comply with either of these simple conditions. The chapters seem to be strung together without the smallest attempt at unity or connection, and as for the "isolated traits of character," they are of the most extraordinarily stupid description. For example, we are presented with "a fair specimen of Horace Smith's readiness;" a gentleman having depreciated French politeness on the ground that a Frenchman had once actually spit upon him, Smith with stupendous readiness and wit replied, "Oh, then he was not a Frenchman, he was a Spitzerberger." And the numerous other anecdotes of equal worth and interest.

In fact, the words in which Mr. Grattan opens his first chapter disclose plainly enough the spirit in which he composed the entire work. He begins by talking about the difficulty of a man choosing a subject, when he has sat down to write a book. How, he asks, is the puzzled writer to decide, be his capacity what it may? This question can only be answered by another—Why should a man sit down to write a book at all? The world does not ask a man to do it, and in fact has a right to complain if he does, unless he is prepared with full justification. We were not aware that there was any great demand on the part of the public that Mr. Grattan should write a

book, and we doubt whether they will pay any great attention to it, now that he has written it. "Left to oneself," remarks the author in his preliminary chapter, "left to oneself, and desperately bent on authorship, the double risk must be run of selection in the first place, and of execution afterwards." A man who is desperately bent on authorship should decidedly not be left to himself; and it is to be lamented that Mr. Grattan has signalized his failure in his encounter with this double risk. We might say much of his choice of subject; but we have more than enough to do in condemning his execution. In the same chapter from which we have already quoted, and in which the author enters his protest against autobiography, he tells us that a decorous hypocrisy forbids a man turning informer and preaching against himself. Mr. Grattan is certainly free from this decorous hypocrisy. We cannot imagine anybody over the age of twenty-two giving worse information against himself than by making the confession that he was desperately bent on authorship, and that he sat down or stood up, as Mr. Grattan informs us, in his own case, undecided what to write about. The ingenuousness of this avowal, is only equalled by the undeviating candour of its confirmation. Every chapter which succeeds the confession, proclaims a piece of book-making as plainly as that which contained it. Whenever book is full as this is of prosy moralizing and artificial hilarity, we invariably know that we are in the hands of the book-maker. Is it as "a fragment of fact," or as an "isolated trait of character," that we are favoured with reflections upon the magical rapidity with which the impression of past danger fades from the mind, followed by such an exclamation as "Ah! if the stamp of sorrow could be as easily effaced from the heart." And what excuse can be made for commonplace rhapsodies to the effect that "the amazing varieties of character defy calculation; the ever-shifting scenery of the mind presents myriads of different shapes and changing aspects. The brain has its dissolving views, unlimited and subject to no laws of art." In this last respect, the brain is uncommonly like Mr. Grattan's book. No author who was careful of the laws of art would venture to prefix three pages of wearisome and irrelevant moralizing to an account of a visit to Bordeaux and the South of France. Here is a sample:—"Imperfection is not only the nature, but the destiny of men. A mixture of virtue and vice is the basis of his constitution. To modify the latter, and to keep the former from running to excess, is the true philosophy." Yes, and a pin a day is a groat a year; and necessity is the mother of invention; and one man's meat is another man's poison. The reader is actually stunned and stupefied by the "damnably iteration" of these most ghastly platitudes. Perhaps, indeed, these ancient truisms, forming as they do a considerable part of the work, have given its title and are the *Beaten Paths*. In any case nothing can be more absurd and detestable than to stuff a book with such monstrous commonplaces.

Whenever Mr. Grattan favours us with original reflections, they are equally unsatisfactory. His fundamental idea of history is evidently that of Vico, that the world works in cycles; that it goes a certain mill-horse round, and then starts afresh, the same actors reappearing and the same actions being reproduced. "I have no doubt the habits of former days will in every sense return and depart, come and go, as the world rolls on and the seasons revolve; and that whatever is good, bad, or indifferent, will reappear as it has dis-

appeared, and be new born as surely as it has died out. The author goes on to wonder when "the inevitable time" will come round for duelling being re-established as an institution of refined society among us. Duelling is as sure to come back one day to the Emerald Isle as whisky-drinking did after its total abolition by Father Mathew; and some other day to Great Britain, "like hobnobbing, snuff-taking, or any other custom for a while in abeyance we may just wait the revival, without glorifying ourselves too loudly on the extinction of even one fashionable vice." What miserable stuff is this! No doubt as civilization advances and the arts and sciences progress, the "inevitable time" will arrive which shall witness the revival of the customs—for a while in abeyance—of going naked and painting ourselves with woad and burning people in wickerwork. It is really difficult to believe that a man is in earnest who talks such trash at the present day. And the author is not even consistent with himself. Here is a quotation from another part of his book:—"Reflection might whisper that things are better as they are—that they may be safely left to take their course—and that it is wiser to go with the tide and turn when it turns, than exhaust one's strength by swimming against it."

Mr. Grattan, however, would not appear to have a very extensive acquaintance with the thought or literature of the age in which he is writing. Will it be believed that he is doubtful whether Carlyle or Hazlitt wrote the *Sartor Resartus*? And he avows this ignorance with a jaunty assurance that is almost equally astonishing. "I never read the *Sartor Resartus* of Carlyle or Hazlitt—I forgot which." We can well believe that Mr. Grattan has not read the *Sartor Resartus* of Carlyle or Hazlitt; since he introduces the mention of that extraordinary work of philosophy in the midst of a dissertation on physical, not mental costume, and evidently supposes that Carlyle (or Hazlitt) had written a treatise on Hessian boots, paletots and pig-tails.

Of the men of note whom Mr. Grattan has met with during his career, he has not told us anything particularly worth recalling. Amongst them were Barère, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Moore, Edmund Kean, and Thomas Campbell. Anything relative to the first of these men, who will live as one of the most infamous characters in history, is more or less interesting:—

Barère frequently maintained that the prolonged age of himself and so many of his colleagues was to be attributed to the violent excitements of their troubled career; and that it was the sluggish temperament in idle men that caused the brain to stagnate and die. Speaking of Marie Antoinette, he gravely and earnestly, and with an air of mystifying simplicity, assured me that "elle n'aimait pas la Révolution" and he once took occasion, in alluding to the barbarous treatment of her poor little son, to vindicate himself from all blame in the matter of his death, impressing on me his own 'absence from Paris at the time.'

In the description quoted by Mr. Grattan from a memorandum of an interview he had with Barère in 1830, we discern the terrible misanthropy to which his career had brought the worst of the bloody triumvirate. In reply to an urgent request that he would communicate the many important facts which he knew relative to Robespierre, Danton, St. Just, and others of his colleagues, Barère answered that "he would never publish anything—he despised mankind too much, and particularly the French people—he had laboured for their liberty, and they were fit only to be slaves."

"After another pause—as if his mind had plunged

* *Beaten Paths, and Those who Trod them.* By T. Colley Grattan. In 2 vols. (Chapman and Hall.)

back into the most terrible depths of its recollections—he exclaimed, with greater emphasis and a flush on his pallid cheeks, ‘Can I tell that one day, Robespierre came to join me and St. Just in the *Comité de Salut public*, and addressing me said, You have been the means of overthrowing the Girondins, of destroying the *Montagne* and others—but one man remains unhurt that mole who works in the dark, stirring up the earth, and hiding from the consequences of his intrigues—Siéyès! Why do you not attack him?’

“I replied to Robespierre that if he could bring one proof against Siéyès I would do so, but not otherwise, on mere speculations that might do injustice to any of us—and I moved the order of the day, which got rid of the question. The next day, on my going to the Assembly, Siéyès, who had somehow heard of this affair, waited for me on the terrace of the Feuillants, and came up looking quite frightened.—He asked me if his name was not brought before the *Comité* the preceding day? I answered, that it was, and told him what passed. *Eh bien!* He was the very first and the bitterest of my denouncers! Can I tell all these things?”

So much for the “Anacreon of the Guillotine.” As for Coleridge, he was a man whom Mr. Grattan would scarcely be able at all to understand; and his account of the intercourse which he enjoyed with the great philosopher is accordingly as feeble a narrative as may be. Coleridge’s talk “was not absolutely tiresome, only somewhat drowsy.” Mr. Grattan “thought it would be pleasant to fall asleep in the gushing melody of his discourse, which was rich in information and suavity of thought.”

“At both Waterloo and Quatrebras, while Wordsworth keenly inspected the field of battle, insatiably curious after tombstones, and spots where officers had fallen (the Duke of Brunswick, Picton, Ponsonby, etc.), Coleridge spoke to me of the total deficiency of memorable places to excite any interest in him, unless they possessed some *natural* beauty. He called this a defect. I thought it was, and a strange one in such a man, as associations of moral interest seem so fruitfully to spring in a poetic mind on the sites of memorable deeds. Coleridge took evident delight in rural scenes. He was in ecstasies at a group of haymakers in a field as we passed. He said the little girls standing with their rakes, the handles resting on the ground, ‘looked like little saints.’ Half-a-dozen dust-covered children going by the roadside, with a garland of roses raised above their heads, threw him into raptures. He murmured that ‘it was a perfect vision.’”

The following story told to Mr. Grattan by Coleridge is not altogether unamusing:—

“When my *Lyrical Ballads* first came out it was anonymously, and they made a good deal of noise. A few days after they were published I dined at Mrs. Barbauld’s, and sat beside Pinkerton the geographer. We talked a good deal together, and I found him very amusing, and full of general information. When we retired to the drawing-room he led me to a recess, having taken up a copy of the *Lyrical Ballads* which lay on the table.

“‘Pray, Sir,’ said he, ‘have you read this thing?’
“‘I have looked into it.’
“‘Do you know the author?’ asked he.

“‘Do you know the author?’ echoed I, resolved not to be caught.

“‘No,’ said Pinkerton, ‘but I never read such utter trash as his book, particularly an extravagant farrago of absurdity called ‘The Ancient Mariner.’ Don’t you think it insufferable?’

“Coleridge: Intolerable!
“Pinkerton: Detestable!
“Coleridge: Abominable!
“Pinkerton: Odious!
“Coleridge: Loathsome!

“Pinkerton: Sir, you delight me. It is really delightful to meet a man of sound taste in these days of our declining literature. If I have a passion on earth, it is an abhorrence of these *Lyrical Ballads*, of which every one is talking, but most especially of this wretched ‘Ancient Mariner.’

“Coleridge. Hush, not a word more! Here comes

our hostess, I know she is acquainted with the author, and she might be hurt.

“Pinkerton (pulling Coleridge by the button, taking a huge pinch of snuff, and speaking in a whisper): I’ll tell you what, Sir, we mustn’t let this matter drop. Let’s fix a day for dining together at the Turk’s Head. We’ll have a private room, a beef steak, bottle of old port, pens, ink, and a quire of foolscap. We’ll lay our heads together and review this thing—and if we don’t give it such a slashing, such a tearing, such a—

“‘If we don’t?’ said Coleridge.

“‘Is it a bargain?’

“‘Most certainly.’

“‘Done.’

“‘Done!’

Here is Coleridge’s opinion of one of the most glorious books in our language:—

“He spoke with absolute abhorrence of the *Confessions of an English Opium-eater*, called it ‘a wicked book, a monstrous exaggeration,’ and dwelt with great reprobation on the author for ‘laying open his nakedness to the world.’ He considered him to have behaved grossly in bringing him (Coleridge) into the book, as an authority for the excesses he avowed; and declared that ‘when he suspected Mr. de Quincey of taking opium, he had on several occasions spent hours in endeavouring to dissuade him from it, and that gentleman invariably assured him in the most solemn manner that he did not take it at all, while by his after confessions it appeared that he was drinking laudanum as other men drink wine.’”

With the following surprising statement we must conclude our quotations:—

“It was during those inquiries at the diligence offices, and in giving some instructions for the purchase of snuff to the *commissionnaire* of the hotel, that I remarked Wordsworth’s very imperfect knowledge of French, and it was then that he accounted for it by telling me that five-and-twenty years previously he understood and spoke it well, but that his abhorrence of the Revolutionary excesses made him resolve if possible to forget the language altogether, and that for a long time he had not read nor spoken a word of it.”

It has given us great pain to be forced to censure Mr. Grattan’s work; but its defects of plan and execution are so numerous and so flagrant, as to render anything but censure out of our power. We should have been glad if the author had rested content with his previously won laurels.

MR. RUSKIN’S WRITINGS.*

THOSE who suggested to Messrs. Smith and Elder the desirability of publishing selections from the writings of Mr. Ruskin in a small and compact form, have doubtless based their suggestion upon a very correct appreciation of the public taste. There is a large circle of readers to whom such a volume as the present will be acceptable. Few writers are so diffuse as Mr. Ruskin. In his numerous publications he has treated of a variety of subjects in a variety of ways. He is a preacher who has lectured on almost all matters that affect human beings. Much that he has said is good and valuable; much erroneous, if not pernicious. But all his ideas, whether good or bad, are clothed in language which will recommend them to the consideration of the reader. Hitherto his opinions have appeared in works which are difficult of access to the general public. He is a voluminous writer, and his volumes are large and expensive. In extracting from his larger works selections in which his opinions are expressed, and views given on multitudinous matters, and condensing them

* Selections from the Writings of John Ruskin. With a Postscript. (Smith and Elder.)

into a volume which may be said to be within the reach of all, the publishers have supplied a public want. In one volume of some four hundred and fifty pages are arranged passages of interest and beauty, selected from thirteen or fourteen of Mr. Ruskin’s works.

The selection altogether is very good. It thoroughly does justice to Mr. Ruskin, without concealing his many faults. It is what, we presume, it purports to be—a very fair representation of Mr. Ruskin’s writings—the essence, as it were, of his merits and his failings. In it will be found many passages of surpassing beauty of thought and expression, many new ideas suggested, many old ones rehabilitated in fresh and vigorous language. Along with these there also appear many crude absurdities, long-explored errors revived, and, if such a thing be possible, new ones invented.

It is when treating of ethical subjects that Mr. Ruskin falls into such egregious errors. Few probably will disagree with his dictum on man’s use and function with which the ethical extracts commence. Those who do so are warned to proceed no further, for it is upon this dictum that Mr. Ruskin founds his whole system of morals. That “man’s use and function are to be the witness of the glory of God, and to advance that glory by his reasonable obedience and resultant happiness,” is an axiom which has been expressed over and over again in different ways. When St. Paul tells us that it is the duty of man to do all things to the glory of God, or when a philosopher lays down the principle that it is man’s object here on earth to act in accordance with, or in obedience to, the laws of his being, they express the same idea in different words. If the laws of man’s being are obeyed, the glory of the lawgiver is promoted, and the result to man is his own happiness, even though that happiness has not been the immediate object aimed at.

With Mr. Ruskin’s next position also few will quarrel, namely, “that whatever enables man to fulfil this function is, in the pure and first sense of the word, useful to us; pre-eminently, therefore, whatever sets the glory of God more brightly before us.” Nor can much objection be taken to his following assertion, that things which only help us to exist are in a secondary and mean sense useful, and that if taken alone they are useless, or worse. The philosophy in these sentences is very neatly expressed in the old copy-book heading, that men should eat to live, and not live to eat.

It is when Mr. Ruskin comes to treat of the present times in comparison with the past, that he gives vent to ideas more worthy of a maiden lady who has passed some sixty or seventy years in a rural retreat, than of a moralist who is supposed to know something at least of men and their manners. That an ancient lady who, in her youth, has been courted, and flattered, and feted, should in her old age look back upon the good old days of her pleasures and her enjoyments with regret, and think that no times of the present can ever equal them, is simply natural. Not so with a philosopher. Something more is expected of him than that he should measure the state of society by his own feelings; that he should have a high or a low regard for it, accordingly as he can enter into it with zest or not. He is supposed to put aside feeling, and to make use of his reason. Mr. Ruskin’s mode of dealing with the progress of mankind is similar to that frequently adopted by popular divines. He makes his man of straw, and then knocks him down. His man of straw is the utilitarian. He wages perpetual war against those real or imaginary men “who insolently call themselves Utilita-

rians; who would turn, if they had their way, themselves and their race into vegetables." That there are some men, like Mr. Smith O'Brien, so infatuated with cabbages that they would wish to vegetate amongst them, is very possible. Against such Mr. Ruskin may wage perpetual war; and the only remark which sensible men would make would be that he is wasting his powers upon unworthy foes. But when Mr. Ruskin speaks of these insolent Utilitarians, we know he refers to men whose principles he entirely misunderstands. Doubtless there are many teachers and writers of the present day known by the name of Utilitarians, who lay great stress on the material progress of mankind. They value the food which satisfies man's hunger, and the habitations which shelter him from the weather; and they think that any improvement in them will greatly benefit the masses of the working classes. They wish men to be wealthy; and they desire peace, that wealth may accumulate and distribute itself. They endeavour to instil into the lower orders the fact that money is valuable, and ought to be sought and cared for; and they advocate zealously every scheme that tends in any way to improve the material status of the artisan. Because they do this, they are accused of taking a low view of life; they are accused of teaching men that the object of life is to make money, to get on, to acquire as many material comforts as is possible. To make use of a simile which Mr. Ruskin will appreciate, a builder of a Gothic church might equally justly be accused of an utter disregard to the real beauties of Gothic architecture, because, in the first instance, he paid great attention to the foundation of his building. When these so-called Utilitarians teach the necessity of improving the material condition of the people, they do not propose such an improvement as an end, but as a means. As to the destiny of man, the object of his existence, the end of his being, they are probably agreed with Mr. Ruskin; but they know perfectly well that this end can never be attained unless his lower wants are first satisfied; and because they suggest practical means by which the attainment of this end may be accelerated, they are accused of idolizing the means and ignoring the end. Education is an excellent thing; but to attempt to educate a child whose stomach is empty, whose body is bare, and whose system is borne down with sickness and disease, is simply ridiculous. The first thing is indisputably the foundation—the food, the clothing, and the health; then let the education follow, when there is a receptacle prepared for it.

Mr. Ruskin appears to despise all such low wants as sanitary reformers attempt to supply. He seems to think that the possession of the fruits of this earth, and the enjoyment of the pleasures they afford, have a debasing and demoralizing tendency, and the want of them elevates the moral character of man. Accordingly, he puts forth sentiments which it would be hard to reconcile with the spirit of Christianity, and is of opinion that a state of war is far preferable to a state of peace. Thus, he says:—

"This Nebuchadnezzar curse, that sends men to grass like oxen, seems to follow but too closely on the excess or continuance of national power and peace. In the perplexities of nations, in their struggles for existence, in their infancy, their impotence, or even their disorganization, they have higher hopes and nobler passions. Out of the suffering comes the serious mind; out of the salvation, the grateful heart; out of endurance, fortitude; out of deliverance, faith: but when they have learned to live under providence of laws, and with decency and justice of regard for each other, and when they have done away with violent and external sources of suffering, worse evils seem to arise out of their

rest; evils that vex less and mortify more, that suck the blood though they do not shed it, and ossify the heart though they do not torture it. And deep though the causes of thankfulness must be to every people at peace with others and at unity in itself, there are causes of fear, also, a fear greater than of sword and sedition: that dependence on God may be forgotten, because the bread is given and the water sure; that gratitude to him may cease, because his constancy of protection has taken the semblance of a natural law; that heavenly hope may grow faint amidst the full fruition of the world; that selfishness may take place of undemanding devotion, compassion be lost in vain glory, and love in dissimulation; that enervation may succeed to strength, apathy to patience, and the noise of jesting words and foulness of dark thoughts, to the earnest purity of the girded loins and the burning lamp."

According to this teaching, the moral character of men is more likely to improve amid the scenes of a French Revolution or an American civil war, than in those countries where every man may sit under his vine and under his fig-tree. To assert that nations, in their perplexities, in their struggles for existence, in their infancy, their impotence, or even their disorganization, have higher hopes and nobler passions than they have when they are subject to law and employed in quietly developing their resources, may sound very poetical—and certainly Mr. Ruskin's language is poetical—but the statement is entirely untrue, and runs counter to the experience of the whole history of the human race. Does Mr. Ruskin suppose that higher hopes and nobler passions filled the breasts of the painted Briton, of the Saxon thane, or the Saxon serf, of the lords who fought in the wars of the Roses, or of the courtiers of Henry VIII. or of Charles II., than of the statesmen and philosophers of the present day? Doubtless, great events call out great characters. True it is that in times like those of our own Revolution, when men struggle for the principles of liberty and freedom, and sacrifice their dearest interests in the cause, some of the noblest characteristics of human nature are evoked; but equally true is it that the strife and war which such a struggle may render necessary has for the time a most debasing effect upon the characters of men in general. Probably no one single cause is so potent in degrading men, in upsetting their notions of right and wrong, in producing a state of restless recklessness and intense selfishness, as an unsettled or disorganized government. Yet, because it lessens the fruits of the earth, intended by their Giver for man's use and enjoyment, Mr. Ruskin thinks it preferable to one that is firm and established.

The absurdity of Mr. Ruskin's worship of the past, and of his disregard for the present, can only be equalled by the nonsensical reasons he produces in support of his idolatry. Mr. Ruskin gives four reasons why the men of the first five thousand years of the world's existence were better than those of the present thousand years. 1. Man used to believe in the existence of gods, and accordingly he worked to please them. Now he has not this faith, and therefore his actions are prompted either by a patriotic or personal interest, being intended either to benefit mankind, or to reach some selfish end. 2. He was a beautiful creature, and did everything in his power by means of education and dress to make his form stately and lovely. Now he depreciates or conceals beauty of body; he has become "an ugly animal, and is not ashamed of his ugliness." 3. He was eminently warlike. He is now gradually becoming more and more ashamed of all the arts and aims of battle. 4. He used to take no interest in anything

but what immediately concerned himself. Now he has deep interest in the abstract nature of things, inquires as eagerly into the laws which regulate the economy of the material world as into those of his own being, &c. We give Mr. Ruskin's own account of the past and the present, and leave it to the readers to choose which they prefer.

Yet, notwithstanding Mr. Ruskin's horror of luxury and his old-womanish dread of rail-ways, he is capable of seeing many phases of human nature in their true colours, of duly appreciating the advance of modern times, and of comprehending the principle which ought to guide men and govern society.

As an example of this, we conclude with his very just and very beautiful remarks on Truth:—

"That indignation which we profess to feel at deceit absolute, is indeed only at deceit malicious. We resent calumny, hypocrisy, and treachery, because they harm us, not because they are untrue. Take the detraction and the mischief from the truth, and we are little offended by it; turn it into praise, and we may be pleased with it. And yet it is not calumny nor treachery that does the largest sum of mischief in the world; they are continually crushed, and are felt only in being conquered. But it is the glistening and softly spoken lie; the amiable fallacy; the patriotic lie of the historian, the provident lie of the politician, the zealous lie of the partisan, the merciful lie of the friend, and the careless lie of each man to himself, that cast that black mystery over humanity, through which we thank any man who pierces, as we would thank one who dug a well in a desert; happy, that the thirst for truth still remains with us, even when we have wilfully left the fountains of it."

CHIROGRAMMATOMANCY.*

Most of our readers will have noticed in the weekly journals artistically-worded advertisements, to the effect that Professor So-and-So, on the receipt of thirty stamps, will tell the character of the sender. A lady advertiser goes further still: not only will she for the same amount do the same thing, but also enclose a receipt to make your hair curl, or something to that effect. The reader passes such baits over with the conviction that he would not need the handwriting to judge the character of the individual weak enough to answer the appeal by forwarding the stamps. If our memory serve us, Mr. Simms, the arch-scamp of the *Seven Sons of Mammom*, picks up a portion of his crumbs in this way; and Mr. Sala, we take it, has only endorsed the popular opinion of such advertisers. There is one person in the world, at any rate, who fully believes in the art, and he has had the courage to rush into print in defence of his theory. Through the courtesy of the publisher, we have received an early copy of this work, and it is certainly one of the most remarkable specimens of *labor effusus* that we have seen for some time past. How highly Mr. Henze estimates his profession will be seen from the following sentence:— "Handwriting is the faithful and unalterable hand of a mental clock; it is the wondrous telegraph of the mental being; it produces a daguerreotype of the internal workshop, and supplies us with the key to the most hidden secrets of the mind and the heart."

In the year 1851, Mr. Henze entered into negotiations with the manager of that excellently-conducted paper, the *Illustrirte Zeitung*, and shortly after described his system in its columns. He invited readers to favour him

* *Die Chirogrammatomantie.* Von Adolf Henze. (Leipzig Weber.)

with specimens of their handwriting, from which to judge their character, and the proposal met with such favour that Mr. Henze, during the first five years, received no less than sixty thousand autographs to judge. M. Weber, the proprietor of the journal, at first regarded the experiment dubiously, as he did the Professor, for, in order to get at the truth, he induced several of his friends to send specimens, from the verdict of which he could decide on the merits of the new science. M. Weber, we fancy, had reason to mark with white chalk the day on which he formed M. Henze's acquaintance, for the circulation of his paper received an extraordinary impetus.

It is evident that, if there be any truth in this graphiology, M. Henze was just the man to be its prophet. At the age of four he could write fluently, and had a knack for recognizing handwriting. In the course of time, too, he learned to write half-a-dozen different hands, and after proving his qualification in the *Illustrirte Zeitung*, was, in 1860, appointed Expert to the Saxon law courts. He intends to remain faithful to his vocation to the end, and in turn "devote his services to-day to the stern Goddess of justice, and to-morrow to the merry art of the Pythia." The work we have now under notice appears to be in part a reprint of the articles and divinations from the *Illustrirte*, but its value to laymen and unbelievers in the science will consist in the number of autographs of great men which the author has collected to support his theories. Among the curiosities, is one written by Schiller when at the Carl-Schule. All the scholars were fond of poetry, and one began a poem with the following lines:—

"Die Sonne sendet ihre Strahlespitzen
Bis auf des Meeres tiefsten Grund."

Being called away, the youthful poet left these lines on his desk, and Schiller added the following anti-climax:—

"Die Fische fangen an zu schwitzen;
O Sonne! treib' es nicht zu bunt."

It is remarkable that almost a similar thing is credited to Porson. Who has not heard the quatrain beginning "The sun's perpendicular rays"? It is very evident that somebody saw the original lines in some German paper, translated them, and palmed them off on the British public, tagged to a good name. Surely this is a matter which demands Mr. Timbs's warmest sifting. We may add that Schiller's lines were written *circa* 1778.

Equally curious is Mr. Henze's theory (with autographic proof), that all good-humoured poets write a smooth hand; all savage ones a sputtering hand. There is certainly a remarkable contrast between Matthison the sentimental poet, and Dr. Börne, the author of those *Briefe aus Paris* which positively bristle with sarcasms. The same contrast is visible between the placid handwriting of Jeremias Gotthelf, the Swiss Auerbach, and possibly a cleverer writer of peasant tales, and that of Saphir, who was so long the scourge of the Viennese Jews. Fontenelle's autograph shows a man apt to look at the bright side of life, and never to put himself out of the way, and he lived to be a hundred. Among the musicians we find Mozart writing a neat delicate hand, suggestive of beautifully starched ruffles, while Beethoven's signature sprawls over the paper, as if the writer despised all conventionalisms. Among authors, Mr. Henze's theory is confirmed by the hand-writing of Göthe, which is exactly what would be expected from a gentleman and man of the world; but the deliberately written autograph of Jung Stilling offers no trace of mysticism. The autographs of eminent

soldiers bear a certain affinity, and are characteristic of the profession: in Pappenheim's signature we recognize the stately courteous soldier, while gruff old Blücher dashes his name down on the paper as if written with his sabre point as stylus. The most curious autograph in the collection is that of Wallenstein, tall and upright, but yet evidencing a certain amount of mental indecision. Caspar Hauser wrote a remarkably good hand, but it produces a feeling of imposture being practised, while cunning is unmistakably present in the neat, flourishing autograph of Cartouche.

Another curious fact which Mr. Henze seems to prove is, that masculine women write like men. In support of this he gives us the autograph of George Sand and of Catherine II. of Russia. Both are remarkable for firmness and size. But our author goes even further in the matter of female handwriting: he says that Marie Taglioni's writing could only be that of a dancer, while he detects disregard of Mrs. Grundy in the careless signature of Bettina von Arnim. We cannot refrain from a suspicion that these and other opinions the Professor expresses are rather of an *ex post facto* character.

Further, Mr. Henze insists that the national temperament is visible in the handwriting, and he furnishes specimens. For instance, the writing of J. J. Rousseau is light and fluent; that of Alexander of Russia bold and large; that of Walter Scott practical and proud. The handwriting, too, Mr. Henze declares, is a barometer of the position of a person at the time of writing. As a proof of this he gives eight specimens of the great Napoleon's autograph, extending over the years from 1804 to St. Helena. They certainly offer a curious study, though as laymen we cannot fully endorse Mr. Henze's conclusions. We allow that there is something very savage and provocative in Napoleon's signature of a document on the day after the battle of Leipzig. He seems to have vented his spite on the paper, and the great sprawling N has a comet-tail of splutter. The signature at Fontainebleau also bears a character of despondency; the N has grown much smaller, and is not so firm on its legs, while the abbreviated Napoleon of St. Helena typifies a man thoroughly weary of the world.

Of the practical value of chiogrammatomania, Mr. Henze has not much to tell us. It has enabled him to detect the writers of some anonymous letters, but he was compelled to invoke the aid of the Press in doing so, by engraving a facsimile of the handwriting. Such a success, however, hardly justifies the flourish of trumpets in which he indulges. From a perusal of his volume we may fairly arrive at the conclusion, that the new science is still extremely empirical, and has gone no further than it had at the time when Lavater wrote to his friend Göthe: "The more I compare the different handwritings I come across, the more is the idea confirmed in me that they may be regarded as so many expressions of the characters of the writers: for at the moment of their origin, they are the representations of the thoughts, and hence must display to us the mental condition of the man who puts them on paper." While not prepared to go quite so far as Lavater, we admit that there is some amount of truth in the new science; but, after all, we are inclined to rank it with phrenology, animal magnetism, &c.; which, even were their truth fully proved, would be of infinitesimal value to humanity. Englishmen, we feel convinced, will purchase Mr. Henze's volume rather for the autographs it contains, than for the sake of taking lessons in the art of graphiology.

SPIRIT OF HEBREW POETRY.*

It is curious to observe the different manner in which subjects of dispute are treated by scientific men and by theologians. In science every new discovery, every fresh light, even every novel suggestion is received with satisfaction and gratitude. The acceptance of a new discovery may show the incorrectness of formerly established theories, may upset time-honoured opinions, and break in upon strong prejudices, but these consequences are scarcely taken into consideration with men of science; the question is, not what will be the result of the acceptance of such a principle, but is such a principle true or false. Upon its veracity or falsity depends its acceptance. Not so in theology. In its domain other rules hold. A new opinion may be started by one who has made it the study of his life to discover the truth of such opinion, and the opinion, when broached, may be rendered very probable by the many common-sense arguments which suggest themselves in its support. Neither the authority of the propounder nor the strength of his arguments will avail. The opinion is new, it runs counter to those commonly received, it would absolutely upset notions that have been entertained for the last three hundred years. Such a new opinion, true or false, must not only not be received, it must not have a hearing, it must be put down. Accordingly, with divines, it is a matter of paramount importance to "put down" all strange opinions. To attempt to refute such opinions with arguments is regarded by many as mere waste of time—often as very dangerous. If a pastor be asked by one of his flock, whether there would be any harm if he, one of the sheep, were to read such and such a book advocating heresy, he is immediately answered in the affirmative, and all his pretences as to merely wishing to see what can be said in support of such errors are met by the solemn warning with which little boys are cautioned from sitting on rails smeared with pitch. If you touch it, it will stick to you. The sage Mentors who quote the saying of the preacher are evidently incapable of comprehending the different natures of pitch and opinion. What applies to the body they assume applies to the mind also. In the case of the sticky substance, which defiles the hands or garments of men, there is no doubt as to what it is. People know pitch when they see it. But in the case of opinion who is to decide what is pitch and what is not? To some the doctrines of Baptismal Regeneration, of the Real Presence, of the Apostolical Succession, appear pitch; to others the doctrines of Sudden Conversion, of Predestination and Reprobation, of Assurance. If the propounders of one set of opinions have the privilege of starting with the dogma that their opponents' opinions are pitch, and therefore not even to be heard, but to be avoided, they will probably gain the day, but they must gain it at the expense of Truth, which certainly cannot be found or appreciated without discussion. If authority is to be used to put down religious discussion, no plan can be better than that adopted by the Church of Rome, and an *Index Expurgatorius* had better be established at once.

During the past year the minds of Englishmen have been more engaged with theological controversy than they have been for many years previously. The admirable advertisement given to the volume of *Essays and Reviews* by the denunciations of the bishops and the protests of the orthodox clergy, and the excitement more recently caused by the prose-

* *The Spirit of the Hebrew Poetry.* By Isaac Taylor. (Bell and Daldy.)

cution of Mr. Heath and Dr. Williams, have attracted the interest of a large body of the laity, who hitherto treated theological controversy with contempt or indifference. With regard to the clergy of the Church of England who have advanced the views which are now the subject of litigation, there are two points to be considered respecting their conduct. In the first place, if the opinions they hold are opposed to the established doctrines of the Church, ought they voluntarily to resign their preferment, or, again, ought they to be compelled to resign them?

That they should be compelled to give up their livings appears to be the opinion of most of the bishops and of the majority of the clergy.

Very different to this is the course advocated by Mr. Isaac Taylor. On account of the religious excitement which at present prevails, caused, as it is, by such publications as that of *Essays and Reviews*, and also by the expression of more advanced opinions in writings like those of Mr. Buckle or the *Westminster Review*, Mr. Taylor has determined to publish some lectures, which he delivered at Edinburgh and Glasgow in the winter of 1852, on *The Spirit of the Hebrew Poetry*. The lectures, he tells us, as they are published, are very different to what they were when delivered. In fact, the present book does not appear in the form of a volume of lectures, but is simply founded on the notes from which Mr. Taylor delivered his former lectures.

Throughout the volume Mr. Taylor shows great candour and respect for those who differ from him. Had the arguments advanced and the views propounded no merits in themselves, this, at least, would entitle Mr. Taylor to great praise—the spirit of fair dealing which characterizes all he says. He is one of the very very few who, in defending Christianity, do not forget that they themselves are Christians. He treats his opponents as he would wish to be treated by them. He ascribes to his adversary no mean motives, but actually thinks that a man who holds different views to himself may be actuated by equally pure motives. He does not, like most theological combatants, including that recent spiritual athlete, the "Rev. John Nash Griffin, M.A., of Trinity College, Dublin; formerly Senior Moderator and University Gold Medallist in Mathematics and Physics, and Moderator and Medallist in Ethics and Logics, Incumbent of St. Mary's, Spring Grove," accuse those who dissent from him of guilt and dishonesty. He knows that they may believe in doctrines diametrically opposed to his own tenets, and yet be honest and good men; and he is not ashamed of confessing this fact. He does not falsely pretend, as is the fashion, to snub the present religious movement as though it were no movement at all, but the mere ghost of a bygone movement, which will soon again be laid; nor does he attempt to undervalue the merits of its supporters. He recognizes facts. He not only acknowledges that there has already been a great theological agitation in the minds of men, but he expresses his opinion that this agitation will have brought about "some permanent changes in religious thought;" nay, he even thinks it wrong to wish that "things might be allowed to collapse into their anterior position, unchanged and unbenefted by the recent controversy." To him "hurricanes in the world of thought" appear ordained of God for a purpose, in the same manner as hurricanes in the natural world. "The same hurricane which clears the atmosphere, and which sweeps away noxious accumulations from the surface of the earth, serves a not less important purpose in bringing into view the fissures, the settlements, the forgotten rents in the struc-

tures we inhabit. It is Heaven's own work thus to purify the atmosphere; but it is man's work to look anew to his own house, after a storm, and to repair its dilapidations. To rejoice gratefully in a health-giving atmosphere and a clear sky is what is due to piety; but it is also due to piety to effect, in time, needed repairs at home."

Accordingly, Mr. Taylor starts from the very fair ground that it is just possible there may be something amiss in the old stereotyped modes of belief and explanations of belief. To some this will appear flat heresy. But what Mr. Taylor afterwards says respecting the inspiration of the Scriptures is perfectly true, namely, "that no one at the present time well knows what it is he believes as to this great question; or what it is which he ought to believe concerning those conditions, literary and historical, subject to which the Revelation we accept as from God, and which is attested as such, by miracles, and by the Divine pre-annunciation of events, has been embodied in the books of the canon." Little as such an acknowledgement as this may be relished, it is absolutely true. Many will assert with the most positive dogmatism that they have an implicit belief in inspiration, but when asked what they mean by inspiration, they are altogether at sea. They have literally no comprehension of the word they utter, or at best but a very misty notion as to the sense it conveys. On no single subject are there so many shades of opinion, on none so little settled definition. If this be so, as it undoubtedly is, they quarrel with, they vituperate those who have made the best use of their gifts and talents to find out some definite meaning for the word? Granting that the opinion they have arrived at is wrong, surely the very fact of the pains they have been at, the assiduous application and careful study, entitle them to respect and encouragement. Diligent study of books is not so very common among the ranks of the clergy that the Church can afford to prosecute those who devote themselves to it. Those who do study must have opinions of their own, while the large majority who do not study, are equally willing to have any or no opinions. If the former are to be subject to all manner of annoyance because they perform a duty which their brethren neglect, the days of the Church may be looked upon as numbered. Her great care should be to encourage, not to thwart study. Well would it be if the rulers of the Church could lay to heart the concluding words of Mr. Taylor's preface, "The requirement is this, as I humbly think—That, on all hands, we should be willing to throw aside, as unauthentic and unwarranted, a natural prejudice; or, let it be called, a spontaneous product of religious feeling, which leads us to frame conditions, and to insist upon requirements, that ought, as we imagine, to limit the Divine wisdom in embodying the Divine will in a written Revelation. Instead of insisting upon any such conditions, ought we not rather, in all humility, to acknowledge, that in the Divine methods of proceeding towards mankind—natural, providential, and supernatural—we have everything to learn, and nothing to premise?"

We would fain follow Mr. Taylor through the rest of his book, but our space would not permit us to do it anything like justice. Throughout it is marked by profound thought, great candour, and a spirit of genuine earnestness and piety. It is certainly not light reading, nor would we recommend it to those who are merely in search of amusement; but to any who desire knowledge on the subject of which he treats, who wish to have the opinions

of one who has studied the Hebrew poets deeply, and who has weighed carefully the causes by which they were affected, and the purposes for which they wrote, who perceives their failings as men, but appreciates the sanctity of their mission as interpreters of the Divine Will—the present volume will be of great value and importance. Such books are far more likely to dispel error than the wild denunciations of orthodox dignitaries.

THE LADY'S GUIDE.*

COOKING is power. We do not dwell at present on its other distinguishing characteristics. We will not urge its value as supplying the most satisfactory *differentialia* for the species man—a gorilla of culinary ability being as yet undiscovered. Nor will we be led into a discussion on its historical importance, in the spirit of that sentimental M.D. who edified the jurors in the Windham case by the quotation about Cleopatra's tear; though "what lost the world and made a warrior fly," at Leipsic, was neither more nor less than an underdone mutton-chop. We simply appeal to everyday occurrences and domestic experiences in support of our thesis—cooking is power.

Go down, for example, to the kitchen. Look at your "thorough good cook," as her advertisement described her. Mark her supremacy, and trace it to its source. Whence comes her prescriptive pre-eminence? Why is the cook as constitutionally the domestic premier, as the First Lord of the Treasury is the national one? Establishments of greater pretensions, where the power of the housekeeper exists, may seem to suggest an exception; but the true analogy for these is to be found in some colonial constitution, and the power of the housekeeper corresponds rather to that of a governor, finding her chief adviser in the person of the cook. In any case, the pride of place allotted to this official is an acknowledgment of the paramount importance of her functions. And in what other servant do we tolerate the same severity, the same arrogance, the same pretentiousness, the same wrath? The temper of cooks is a proverb, but we all put up with it. Nay, we regard it as a kind of credential of her skill, just as the Red Indian sees in epilepsy the mark of a great medicine man. Your cook may not be a model of temperance, soberness, or—well, let bygones be bygones—only you know that as long as she is up to the work of her department she may commit with impunity offences for a tithe of which you would send the housemaid or the page packing.

"If to her share some human errors fall,
Taste her ragouts, and you forget them all."

She is a despot, it is true, but you cheerfully acquiesce so long as hers is a despotism tempered by curries.

But we come upstairs to find some fresh proofs. What makes the great difference between conjugal felicity and the reverse? Is it not congeniality of tastes in a limited sense of the word? Why, for instance, is young Smith (who married that pretty little girl whom you and I remember dancing like a fairy, and playing like an angel, at that party in Russell Square) such an undomesticated dog—always sloping off to a club, or joining in whitebait dinners, or spending an occasional evening at home in sulky growling? Is it not because the young lady knows about as much of cooking as her aforesaid parallels the angel and fairy

* *The Lady's Guide to the Ordering of her Household, and the Economy of the Dinner Table.* By a Lady. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

might be expected to do? There is no ability in the parlour, there is utter incompetency in the kitchen, and Smith flies from the dreary alternative of gory boiled and charred roast, to other climes and lawless dissipation. And now shift the scene, and look at Brown's establishment. He married, and you will recollect the "ah, poor fellow" tone in which our set long spoke of the event—a girl without money or family, with eyes of the gooseberry and hair of flame, who danced like an elephant, and sang like a pea-fowl. And now what a steady-going, inseparable, Darby-and-Joan sort of couple they are! Why do we all like dropping in there?—apart, of course, from the delight which the contemplation of their virtuous happiness creates in our well-regulated minds. Perhaps a secondary reason may be found in the delicious little dinners and suppers which Mrs. Brown knows how to devise, and in the preparation of which I rather fancy her little fingers assist: at least I think I can detect the pride of authorship in the air with which she serves a charming omelette, or severs some flaky puff-crust. Smith and Brown have their counterparts everywhere. O beloved middle-aged brethren, do we not find continually that there is but one steady source of sublunary pleasures? Julia's chiselled nose reddens towards the tip; Amy's dainty feet develop into beetle-crushers; Fanny scolds, and Emma flirts, and Emily drinks. But the prime sirloin retains its flavour. The turtle—in soup at least—knows not inconstancy. The snipe and the leveret are as delicious as in the days when we were young, and the world was before us. No shadows have dimmed our mutual attachment. We do not weary of them, nor they of us. And if we might turn, after the manner of the marriage-service, from exhorting the gentlemen to exhorting the ladies, we would counsel the latter that nothing detains Cupid like a good dinner, that the best security for the happiness of the marriage-hearth is a good cooking-fire upon it. Yes, dear ladies, we quite agree with you—those men are shockingly destitute of ethereal natures. Still we bid you feed the wretches skilfully. Those bad dinners are the wreck of many a household. *Hinc illæ lacrymae*; hence the swollen eyes on one side and the sharp words on the other: hence occasionally something more—even pleasant but wrong retreats in the bosky dells of St. John's Wood. For, dear Mrs. Lucretia Cornelia, dear Miss Minerva Virginia, there is reason to believe that those "creatures" take special care to keep a satisfactory table. Perhaps it has always been so. No doubt, when her poor dear Pericles came in tired from the *bema*, after Cimon or Cleon or some of those horrid people had been worrying him, Aspasia had some savoury little *entremets* all ready for him. Look at pious *Aeneas*. It was the feeding did the business which so bothered the gods and nearly thwarted the fates. Lavinia and respectability must wait, while that creature at Carthage can give such a splendid supper, with brilliant lamps and bread in baskets, and soft towels and goblets of gold.

It is then no wonder that the literature of cooking should have become vast and varied. Hardly a season passes without producing its batch of cooking-books. Here, for example, hard upon the heels of Francatelli, comes the fair writer of *The Lady's Guide*. The intention of her book is very good, but we don't know that there is very much in it of so novel a character as to raise it above the mass of works on the subject. The perils and troubles of the young housewife command the lively sympathy of the authoress. She enters into all the diffi-

culties to be encountered in pleasing a husband and mastering a cook. Her advice on the latter point is, that the lady should read up a recipe carefully, and then astonish her cook by bringing it out at the matutinal consultation—just as cunning tutors have been known to teach some recondite branch of study by keeping a couple of lessons or so ahead of a pupil. Imagine some devoted bride "under the midnight lamp," cramming for her next day's interview with the terrible domestic!

Many hints in this volume will prove serviceable, and its *cartes* of dinners will be found eminently suggestive. For every month in the year we have bills of fare adapted for sixteen, eight and four persons respectively. Some of these it is almost tantalizing to read. We feel like little boys whom we have seen at horticultural shows, fixing the eyes of unsatisfied desire on the fruits they might only sniff, and longing for five minutes alone with those luscious peaches or those melting pears. Here, for example, is the programme for January of a dinner for sixteen:—

BILL OF FARE.

Dinner of.....the.....of January, at a Quarter past Seven.

Queen's Soup, with Italian Paste.
Clear Vegetable Soup.

Fillets of Soles (Sauce on the dish).
Turbot, Lobster Sauce (to be handed).

Croquets of Oysters.
Quenelles, with Truffles and Mushrooms.
Mutton Cutlets, with Tomato Sauce.

Fowls and Ham. Sauce in tureen (to be put upon each plate.)

Saddle of Mutton.
Cauliflowers. Mashed Potato.

Pheasant. Grouse. Bread Sauce.
Sea-kale.

Cabinet Pudding.
Jelly.
Cake filled with Oranges.
Vanilla Cream.
Cheese Biscuits.

And here is the sketch of one, also for the present month, suitable for four persons:—

"Clear hare soup.
Slices of cod-fish, and oyster-sauce.
Ranifolles.
Rolled ribs of beef.
Rice cakes.
Orange fritters.
Ramaquins."

To each *carte* notes are appended on the best modes of preparing the more important dishes specified therein.

We are afraid, however, that this book will lie open to one objection, and that a fatal one: it does not inculcate by any means an economical style of cooking. The authoress professes to write for the benefit of those whose incomes range from one to two thousand a year. These are just the people who don't want counsellings—who can afford to procure first-rate "helps," and to put the kitchen, and all connected with it, underthoroughly competent heads of departments. The people who really derive benefit from culinary hints are those who have from three to six hundred a year. These, we fancy, would be led into rather wild expenses by the *Lady's Guide*. For a pint of melted butter, half a pound of fresh butter is prescribed—at least four times the requisite quantity. "Twelve pounds of gravy beef, six pounds of knuckle of veal, and four pounds of ham," sounds a portentous list of the meat required as "stock" for two gallons—i.e. an ordinary

tureen—of vegetable soup. Why, this in itself would amount to not less than fourteen shillings, and by the time the other requirements were added, the soup would certainly be more costly than mock-turtle.

Some historical notes on cooking, scattered here and there through the book, are very amusing. The authoress regards our modern preference for made dishes in the light of a wholesome reaction towards medieval practice. The popularity of large joints is not of later date than the sixteenth century—the period of the introduction of forks into ordinary use. We do not like, however, to hear joints so utterly condemned and scouted as they are by our authoress, who more than once stigmatizes them as barbarous. For our own parts, we should be very unwilling to relinquish our round of prize beef or our saddle of prime South-down. We honour the memory of George III., "constant to plain joints and a plain wife," and we can almost endorse the language of Mr. Thackeray in his paraphrase of "Persicos odi":—

"Dear Lucy, you know what my wish is—
I hate all your Frenchified fuss;
Your silly *entrees* and made dishes
Were never intended for us."

"But a plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,
I prithee get ready at three;
Have it smoking and tender and juicy,
And what better meat can there be?"

LEISURE HOURS IN TOWN.*

It is not many months ago since we noticed the last volume of the *Country Parson's Recreations*. The country parson has now become a town incumbent, but the well-known lubrications of A. K. H. B. have continued to appear in the pages of *Fraser*, this notwithstanding. It may be a fancy, but still we can scarcely help thinking that this new series of essays has an air of town composition about it. There is less of the rollicking exuberance, the rural freshness, which used to lend so genuine a charm to the *Recreations*; and the *Leisure Hours* have a seriousness and gravity in their tone, for the most part absent in the essays which preceded them. A. K. H. B., like all other beings terrestrial, is growing older, and with increased age and the increased responsibility of a cure in a metropolitan city, has come graver thought and deeper earnestness. In one or two of the essays before us we feel that the writer has missed the morning walk around his garden; and that his mind has been troubled by weightier cares than his old rural solicitudes about the trim walks, neat hedges, and closely-shaven lawns. And this change is scarcely other than natural. Let a man's natural buoyancy be what it may—and we believe that that of A. K. H. B. exceeds the average—he cannot but be sensitive to the difference between the atmosphere of town and that of the country. A man probably does better work in the former than in the latter. The excitement and business of the large town have as bracing an effect upon his mind as the fresh breezes of the heath and mountain-side upon his body. Just as a mechanic in Birmingham is a higher workman than a farm-drudge in Rutlandshire, because he is constantly in the midst of stimulating influences, so the thinker will probably think more vividly, and his mind be more energetic in the hurry of town-life, than in the comparative stillness and leisure of green fields. Of course the wear and tear is greater in the one case than the

* *Leisure Hours in Town*. By the Author of *Recreations* of a *Country Parson*. (Parker, Son, and Bourn.)

other; the waste from continuous life in the noise and bustle of cities is something frightful; and premature exhaustion of body, if not of intellect, is too frequently the result of the high pressure at which the large town almost forces its inhabitants to pass their existence. There is always a powerful temptation to "live in a hurry," as our author himself remarks. "Your mind gets into a feverish state. You live under a constant feeling of pressure." A. K. H. B. is a philosopher, and therefore not likely to yield to this temptation, so fatal to good workmanship. Though his essays are singularly discursive and unmethodical, we conjecture that their author is amongst the most methodical of men. Neatness and order in the arrangement of practical work is frequently found in conjunction with something quite the reverse in the marshalling of ideas and illustrations. A. K. H. B. does most plainly not live in a hurry, but with regularity of work, and due apportionment of time. In fact, we should be inclined to suspect him of red-tapism in a private capacity, and of almost believing in the mechanical system of that very objectionable so-called philosopher, Dr. Benjamin Franklin. As we before remarked, A. K. H. B. is "the apostle of gigomanity." Respectability is the aim and significance of all his teaching; a greater or less attainment of that is his measure and test of success in the world. His standard is wholly external. The Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Prime Minister are the three greatest men in the kingdom; and all the rest of mankind follow in due subordination on the same principle of classification. The idea of happiness without worldly position and worldly approbation seems inconceivable to A. K. H. B.; anybody who has not attained to these two is a failure more or less hopeless. As if a man could not exist without any great measure of popular approval; as if he could not work without popular encouragement, in the strength of his own honest purpose and by the force of his own rational resolution; as if most of the good that is in the world has not been effected by men of this sort, who could endure solitude and frowns and disappointment.

The author of these essays has the merit of consistency. His scheme of philosophy may count as a deliberate system, though not strikingly novel or original or lofty. As the significance of success attained is external, so are the conditions of its attainment external. Circumstances are the great rulers of human destiny. A. K. H. B. is the firm enunciator in this point of an undoubted half-truth, which we do not suppose that he has mistaken for more than a half-truth, although he has dwelt upon it at such length and with such abundance of illustration, that many of his readers may be carried away to believe that it is the whole account of the matter. The popular error has hitherto been so entirely in the opposite direction that perhaps even the exaggerated prominence given to this view is not only pardonable, but of absolute service. The common tendency is to deny any power to circumstances, and to assign all to will; but while fully admitting the nobleness of the old Horatian rule—

"Mhi res, non me rebus subiungere conor,"

we hold that by far the most important part of a man's career—we had almost said nature—is decided for him by the operation of causes which he is powerless to control or remove. There is always in existence a certain amount of reaction against those fatalist doctrines which are to a certain extent acceptable with some sections of men; at the present moment, owing to the manifesto of Mr. Buckle

in their favour, this reaction is more than ordinarily strong. We do not for an instant suppose that A. K. H. B. regards Fatalism and Necessitarianism with anything but abhorrence. His own writings do not aspire to consider these lofty and impenetrable mysteries of human life. But we speak of their tendency, which unquestionably is to set forth in strong colours the influence which seemingly trivial incidents and accidents, amongst whose vortices the individual is practically powerless, have upon his life and career. "Two situations may be offered you at once; you think there is hardly anything to choose between them; it does not matter which you accept; and perhaps some slight and fanciful consideration is allowed to turn the scale. But now you look back, and you can see that *there* was the turning point in your life; it was because you went there to the right and not to the left that you are now a great English prelate and not a humble Scotch professor."—The Archbishop of Canterbury might have grown up under influences which might have made him a blood-thirsty pirate, or a sneaking pickpocket. The pirate or the pickpocket taken at the right time, and trained in the right way, might have been made a pious exemplary man." We have no objection to urge against all this. It is strictly true, and if people in general were to become convinced of its truth, there would be a more extensive prevalence of Christian charity in passing judgment upon our fellows, and in awarding both praise and blame.

But it is not a wholesome doctrine if held or inculcated without reference to the opposite view. Resignation to one's position is in itself laudable enough; but resignation without endeavour is utterly ignoble and ruinous. The rightly balanced mind has a tolerably equal share of each. Recognition of what is possible, and labour for its fullest attainment, are the two important points in a man's practical character. Few persons combine them. Most people fix their standard of what is to be attained either too high or too low; and not all have the gift of adapting their labour to its object, either in amount or direction. It seems to us that for practical purposes it is chiefly incumbent upon the moralist to inculcate Endeavour rather than Resignation. The besetting sin of five men out of six is indolence, or a contentment, which is but a more euphemistic expression for the same thing. A. K. H. B. would have done well to give a more prominent place to this characteristic, instead of laying out all his power in drawing the delights of respectability and conventional happiness. As De Tocqueville nobly said, "Life is neither a pleasure nor a pain, but a serious business which it is our duty to carry through and terminate with honour." One of the Caliphs of Grenada, called "the Happy," was able to reckon how many had been the happy days of his life—twenty-three or so, not more. And so it must always be with men who place their happiness in things external—twenty-three days or so, out of the threescore years and ten. We do not wish on any account to plead the cause of what has been called Other-worldliness, which teaches that wretchedness, unnecessary gloom, and discontent are the pleasing preliminaries in this world of a diluted sort of bliss in the world to come. By all means let us make happiness in this life as much of an end-in-itself as may be, only let it be clearly understood that happiness is not always found in dog-carts, horses, trim lawns, books, bodily comfort, and the like, and then we may perhaps reckon up more than our twenty-three days or so.

Arising from the same general tone of mind

in our essayist, is the want of idealization. "Practical efficiency is what is wanted for the business of this world," he says, "not absolute perfection." True, but practical efficiency will be improved by our keeping before us the idea of absolute perfection. The higher a man places his aim, the nearer will he approximate to it; and the more absolute the perfection after which we strive, the more satisfactory will be that to which we attain. The measurement of all men and actions by this standard of practical efficiency and the absence of idealization are the worst signs of the times. This is what Mr. Carlyle means when he calls the present a Mechanical Age—an age of nice adaptation of means to ends. It is this which explains what M. de Montalembert has stigmatized as the prime deficiency of modern civilization—the absence of lofty characters. And it is this which justifies Mr. Mill in saying that life is now "almost universally puerile and insignificant." It is because men aim so low that they effect so little. We cannot but admit that there is a danger in idealization. There are few more perilous things, as F. W. Robertson remarks, than to have learnt to feel rightly without acting rightly. And it is not an uncommon thing to discover that a man who declaims about the solemnity of life, the necessity for high and virtuous conduct, the worthlessness of the world's approval, is a man of irritable vanity, sordid meanness, and wholesale selfishness; and as frequently on the other hand we find that persons with none of this lofty talk, but who go quietly about their business, are proving by their actions the genuineness of their convictions that life is solemn, and that the world's approval is worth little or nothing. This we grant, but the admission hardly damages the principle which we have alluded to, that a lofty ideal is in the main the best guarantee for a lofty life. It only means that cant and humbug are still rampant in the world, a fact tolerably patent without any remark of ours. "If you would improve men," said Goethe, "address them rather as if already such as you would wish them to become than such as you see they actually are." The principle underlying this admirable precept is identical with that which we are advocating. Make men look upon the ideal as if it were real, and you have done something to render it actually so.

MEDIEVAL FRANCE.*

SMALL as is ordinarily our sympathy with books of extracts, we are inclined kindly to welcome in Mr. Vance's volume an important contribution to our current literature. He has dug in quarries not often explored by English readers, but which have long been a precious source of wealth to successful wits and novelists. The early literature of France, more especially that of the Reformation, is distinguished by almost all the qualities which have been deemed characteristic of the more recent productions of that country. There is the same caustic wit, the same extreme drollery, the same mordant satire, the same reckless hardihood of speculation and unchecked license of expression, frequently the same exaggerated sentimentality; and there is an earnestness and an erudition which later writers have not frequently shown. The great patron of letters, the lovely and gifted Queen of Navarre, assembled around her the best-known of the authors of this epoch,

* *Romantic Episodes of Chivalric and Mediæval France: to which are Appended some few Passages from Montaigne, now done into English.* By Alexander Vance. (London: George Manwaring.)

at the head of whom stands, "in shape and gesture proudly eminent," Francis Rabelais, and while the dire struggles of the League were being waged around them, with lives scarcely worth an hour's purchase, the most scholarly and the subtlest of French writers poured forth their bitter diatribes against the greed and slothfulness of the monks, covered their faces with the mask of the buffoon, and by it sheltered, dealt the deadliest blows at superstition, and often at religion, or hid philosophical truths in the garb of licentious tales. The sterner Calvinists were engaged in an opener but less dangerous strife from Geneva; and from beneath the shelter of the Prince of Condé, the "petit homme," the Huguenots were waging a war with the pen as implacable as with the sword. It is to the inspiration of this epoch that we owe that "littérature Gauloise," which the French are now so diligently exploring, and which, commencing in Rabelais, culminated worthily in Molière. Mr. Vance has obviously a considerable acquaintance with these earlier French writers, of some of whom, as well as of the more noted essayists, historians, or romancers, he gives specimens, and of all of whom he constitutes himself, to a certain extent, an apologist. The introductory chapter of this book contains a defence of the coarseness of expression, which, frequent as it is in our earlier English writers, is infinitely more common and more unbridled in those of France; and he argues somewhat at length that the scrupulous delicacy of language characteristic of the literature of the present generation has been accompanied by no corresponding advance in morality. This statement we are not going to deny; but the subject of how far the liberty of repression of what is coarse or offensive is to be permitted to an editor, is one of too much importance to be hastily entered upon, or summarily dismissed. We must confess that in the present volume there is scarcely anything to need the apologetic nature of the preface, which, with the known character of some of the writers to whom it refers, prepared us for chapters to follow of more than questionable propriety; and while he thus defends the license of these writers, which, for ourselves, we would also defend, but upon totally different grounds, our author must admit that a complete and adequate translation of some of the works of his favourite Brantome, or even of his arch-favourite Marguerite de Navarre, to say nothing of such works as those of Beroalde de Verville and others, would inevitably consign his work, for publication, to streets with an unenviable notoriety, and probably secure its condemnation under a recent Act. The *Romantic Episodes*—by the bye, a good many of them are neither episodes nor romantic—are well chosen, and, on the whole, well, if freely, translated. Much of the spirit and *verve* of the old French style is at any rate preserved in the translation, though the author, while deprecating modern slovenliness of language, falls himself into occasional slips of language, or even into vulgarisms. The word "abandon," for instance, cannot with propriety be used in English as a substantive; and in speaking of King Louis XI. as having managed to *get shut* of his brother, the Duke de Guyenne, he is guilty of an unpardonable provincial barbarism. What great advantage also is supposed to be gained by the peculiar arrangement of the words in the following sentence:—"His sheep by day upon the hills she fed; with eve them to the fold returned; his wretched supper on the hearth to warm, or help him to his sorry bed?" These mere verbal inelegancies apart, we think the

translation is, upon the whole, one of the best that we have seen from the French, more especially when we take into account the phraseology in which many of the works are written in the original, this being as difficult to a modern Frenchman as is the language of Chaucer to an Englishman of the present day. While referring to Chaucer, we may say that we cannot attach much weight to the expressions contained in the present volume, indicative of a hearty appreciation of his works, when we find Dryden's miserable imitations are ranked as being equally valuable with the original tales. Speaking of the hopelessness of a translator improving upon Froissart or the Queen of Navarre, he says, "The most that he need ever hope to accomplish is, to do for them what Dryden did for Chaucer; that is, to leave him pretty much as he got him; neither better nor worse; however different." The italics are in the original, and the opinion they contain is one that will be accepted by no true admirer of Chaucer.

The more well-known authors, from whom selections are given, consist of Froissart, Montaigne, Sully, Philippe de Comines, Brantome, and Marguerite de Navarre. Brantome, when he could keep his pen from running riot on indecency, was one of the most pictorial of the writers who have left behind them the sources to which we are indebted for a true knowledge of the manners and customs of mediæval France. In his lives of great captains, and accounts of duels, there are some of the most touching episodes that the records of that eventful period can furnish, and our author has wisely given two or three extracts which fully convey to the reader the charm of Brantome's power of narration. Froissart is somewhat briefly represented by the prologue to his *Chronicles* and the death and dying instructions of Charles V. of France, while Sully is more fully illustrated by his account of the death of Henry IV. and by other characteristic extracts. Of De Comines six chapters concerning King Louis XI. are given, while from the Queen of Navarre we have only two short, though beautiful tales, doubtless in consequence of the difficulty of finding more which on the score of decency were fit for translation. The well-known and frequently translated story of patient Grizzle, which has done such good service to our ballad-writers and dramatists, is, with other stories, translated from the *Tableaux ou Contes du XII et XIII Siècles*, and the introduction is given to the scarce and curious romance of *Perceforest*. Into two other very scarce and curious works the extracts that are given afford a much clearer insight. The first of these is in fact entirely translated. It is entitled *Le Vœu du Héron*, and is one of the most valuable relics of early literature which we possess. It professes to give an account of the causes which led to the irruption of Edward III. into France, and as a portraiture of domestic manners, if the behaviour of the barons in their halls can be called domestic, it is as invaluable as truthful. Among the virtues of the age of chivalry, modesty was certainly not one, and the bold champions who sat at the round table were not slow to express their own sense of their own merits. This custom was kept up in much later times, and the knights and barons at their tables or their carouses would often boast in most vainglorious terms of their prowess or engage to undertake the wildest adventures. In *Le Vœu du Héron*, Robert d'Artois, in order to induce Edward to assist him against France, presents a heron, the most cowardly of birds, to Edward, as the most cowardly of men. Edward, indig-

nant at this imputation, swears that ere six years are over, he will have defied the King of France and executed such a raid upon his dominions as France has never seen. The nobleman who surround him likewise swear to the actions they will commit during the struggle, each oath in some point of atrocity outdoing those that have preceded it. The Earl of Salisbury swears that he will never open one of his eyes, which he then closed, "for hail, for blast, for rain, or for storm, till over the plains of France he had scattered fire, sword, havoc, and devastation"—a vow he subsequently fulfilled, the daughter of the Earl of Derby, whom he loved, offering herself as the reward of its accomplishment. Sir Walter Manny swore that "not only he would take and burn a strong town flanked with towers upon the Marches of France, and of which Godemar de Fay was governor, that it should be ransacked and the garrison put to the sword, but that he would come off, as should also all those who accompanied him, scatheless from the attack." The Earl of Derby and the Earl of Suffolk each in turn take an oath, the latter that "he would pursue to the death the King of Bohemia," which last oath gives rise to a quarrel between the Earl of Suffolk and Sir John de Beaumont. Fauquemont says: "Is it for me to talk of promises; I, who am but a poor penniless adventurer? However, what I can do, I will do; and this day, as well to mark my loyalty as for the enhancement of my honour, I do promise and swear that from the hour when the King of England shall have crossed the seas by Cambrai into France, I shall ever be found in the forefront of his advanced guard, affronting the enemy, carrying fire, sword, and devastation upon every hand; that I will neither spare man, nor woman, nor child, nor woman with child, nor sucking babe, nor old man, nor maid, nor convent, altar, church." "At these terrible imprecations," says the chronicler, "it was who would loudest extol the zeal and the devotion of so faithful a champion of the honour and the cause of his master." Terrible as were these threats, and their accompanying imprecations, the horror was not yet full; for the Queen, partaking in the frenzy, seized on the heron, and solemnly swore that her child, as yet unborn, should not come into the world till she had crossed the seas in company with her husband upon his expedition, and should it be born before "the allotted hour be come which I have proscribed (qy. prescribed), this dagger to the haft shall be buried in its and in my bowels; and thus let perish at a stroke my body's soul and my body's fruit." The King, petrified at this horrible resolve, immediately forbade any further swearing; the heron was eaten, and the King took his wife to Antwerp where her son was born and the invasion begun which eventuated in the battle Poitiers. We have thus given a slight insight into the nature of the *Vœu du Héron*, both on account of the rarity of the work and the remarkable nature of its contents. It is undoubtedly the gem of the "episodes" included in this volume. There is, however, one other work almost equally curious and equally rare, to which we will allude, *Le Livre du Chevalier de la Tour Landry*, and from which curious and amusing translations are given. This book, which received the signal honour of being translated and printed by our great printer Caxton, is one of the most remarkable and *naïve* works in early literature, and has recently been reprinted in Paris. It is addressed by the author to his daughters, and contains the most remarkable advice to them with regard to their conduct in

life. These lectures are interspersed with profitable meditations, legends, and anecdotes, told with considerable freedom, but having an end undeniably moral, the whole purport of the book, in fact, being an attempt to establish the fine old Conservative text, "Fear God, honour the King." The benefit that results from fasting is thus proved by the evidence of a knight who died fighting against the Saracens, his head having been lopped by a battle-axe. "But the head never ceased for a moment to hollow and to demand confession till a priest had come, and when he had heard the head confess, he asked it by what immunity it was enabled to speak deprived of its body. And the head told him that God never left good actions unrewarded; and that he had all his life abstained from flesh on the Wednesday, for on that day the Son of God was betrayed, and from tasting anything which had blood in it on the Friday; and that in return for this duty, God had not suffered him to be damned or to die in his sins before they were confessed."

While giving, then, the author of this book full credit for the service he has rendered to the general reader, who cannot read these works in the original, either on account of the difficulties of the old language, or of the improprieties with which they abound, we wish he had made it a little more popular. Other similar works might well have been comprised within its scope, and we should have preferred to have seen the different extracts all arranged under the head of their respective authors, with a few words of prefatory explanation prefixed to each, containing leading biographical particulars, and a short explanation literary and bibliographical of the contents of the book and the fate of its editions.

SHORT NOTICES.

A Defence of the Faith. Part First: Forms of Unbelief. By Sanderson Robins, M.A., Vicar of St. Peter's, in the Isle of Thanet, and Rural Dean. (Longman.) Augustine Caxton, in Bulwer's immortal fiction, contemplated the idea of writing a history of human error. Mr. Robins has both contemplated and produced a work of very similar character. His plan is indeed restricted to theology, but this is made to include metaphysics, and by implication morality. He has written a fairly exhaustive account of those speculative opinions which from time to time have been arrayed against Christianity. This is the first part of an entire argument, of which the second will be concerned with Christian evidences, and the third with Holy Scripture. Although it is scarcely fair to judge of a great design when only a portion of it is before us, yet that part is complete in itself, and affords sufficient material for criticism. To us the book appears to be concerned with facts rather than with arguments. The author has honestly and industriously familiarized himself with a multifarious and difficult literature; and, so far as the results are capable of being conveyed in a narrative form, he has shown himself a considerable master of the subject. But in dealing with these philosophies, Mr. Robins scarcely appears to us to be much of a philosopher himself; he rather belongs to the school of the Scottish Professors, who, by expositions, illustrations, lavish quotations, and fine writings, have rather popularized abstruse literature by their commentaries than have appreciated and interpreted aright the deeper phases of thought. We may imagine that it would not be difficult to prove that he is occasionally inaccurate and unscientific; though his space is limited, he is occasionally led into a digression that is barely relevant to the subject, and sometimes his matter is so crowded and rapid that it occasions, and has probably been occasioned by, some confusion of thought. His interest is chiefly of a literary and polemical nature, rather than as a contribution either to metaphysics or theology. The titles of

some of the chapters are "Scholasticism," "Pantheism," "German Philosophy," "Rationalism," and the volume will be of popular use in explaining to the uninformed what these expressions import, and in enumerating the chief individuals who are identified with them. A rapid sketch of the life is followed by a rapid sketch of the philosophy, and when we say that only a single page is devoted to the life and writings of Leibnitz, and that this appears to be very little less than the average, it will be thought that these sketches can scarcely be otherwise than superficial and unsatisfactory. So far as they go, they are written with clearness and cleverness; and we own to a feeling of regret that the work has not assumed larger dimensions. The great object of the author is to show the connection which exists between distant periods, and that the present forms of unbelief are only old foes with new faces. "There is a genesis of unbelief. We have not to deal with a spontaneous growth. The past development which may be in question is not an isolated fact; it had a parentage, and will be followed by a posterity; it is related to the past by derivation, and to the future by the results to which it inevitably tends." Exterior however to these forms of unbelief, there are other forms that cannot come under this classification, those advanced by our modern archaeology, and physical science, and by some historians and ethnologists. These are only partially and imperfectly treated, mainly consisting of some criticism on Mr. Buckle and Dr. Darwin, scarcely entitled to the credit of originality. In pursuance of his main object, the writer proceeds to show how Schelling and Spinoza and Hegel were anticipated by the writers of Alexandria, by Plotinus and by Proclus. It would be worth while to compare these pages with the 'Hypatia' of Mr. Kingsley. Coming next to Scholasticism, it is scarcely satisfactory to find the Nominalists, Realists, and Conceptionalists explained in the space of about half-a-dozen lines. We scarcely see why a chapter on English Deism should be inaugurated by an account of Roger Bacon, Locke, and Bishop Berkeley. Neither do we see why the coarse blasphemies of Woolston and Tindal should be arranged side by side with the writings of Hume, Shaftesbury, and Bolingbroke. To Lord Herbert of Cherbury, a larger amount of relative attention is devoted than either the man or his writings deserve. Pantheism is defined as the philosophy of identity, "which destroys the distinction between thought and its object; between creation and the Creator; and is the renewal of an ancient heresy which has reappeared at intervals from the earliest period." He divides Pantheism into spiritual and materialist, and though he doubts whether the distinction is more than a verbal one, accepts it as marking the characteristics of two separate metaphysical schools. He accordingly proceeds to deal, in his own summary fashion, with Descartes, Malebranche, Diderot, Helvetius, D'Alembert, and, as the last of the French school of Materialism, with Auguste Comte. He thus forcibly puts the great argument against Pantheism: "That our separate individuality, which refuses to be identified with anything outside of our own self-consciousness, is, of all intuitions, the most certain, having its place as a firm conviction prior to all reasoning, and remaining as an immovable instinct at the end of all argument." In due course we are now conducted to German philosophy in its inseparable connection between mental philosophy and theology. This is followed by a chapter on Rationalism, in which, and the Conclusion, the theological aims of the book are fully brought out. It is impossible, within our present limits, even to indicate the course of treatment adopted. We ought to say that there is a strong under-current throughout the book directed against the *Essays and Reviews*. The tone of the author is liberal and fair; though quite orthodox himself, he is just towards Spinoza, and even enthusiastic respecting Schleiermacher. Mr. Robins, though not eloquent or profound, is luminous and terse, and though he may be disappointed if he has proposed to himself any loftier and ambitious end, he has creditably compiled a book which may do good service as a defence of the faith, and be of practical utility to the general reader.

Golden Fables; or, Flowers of Speech. By Mrs. Medhurst. Illustrated by Thomas Hood. (Saunders and Otley.) Mrs. Medhurst has here given us a very entertaining little volume. It is well written, well printed, and well bound, and altogether forms a most presentable Christmas book. "As hieroglyphics were before letters," says Bacon, "so parables were before arguments; and nevertheless now, and at all times, they do retain much life and vigour, because reason cannot be so sensible, nor example so fit." It cannot, perhaps, be said of every book of fables that reason is not more "sensible" and example not more fit; but this is certainly true of every one that has attained anything like enduring popularity. Of the two broad classes into which *Fable* may be divided, *Apologus* requires for its successful development a set of qualities, not may-be of the highest, but assuredly of a very high order. It must possess "unity" even more than any other species of literary composition; it must be universally interesting; the fables must not have the appearance of being written for the moral, but the moral that is sought to be conveyed, or the principle that is intended to be enforced, must spring naturally from the narrative, and must be clear and determinate. The narrative, moreover, must, in itself, be interesting irrespective of its moral. Such are the ancient fables attributed to *Aesop*; such are those of Hans Christian Andersen at the present day. We do not say Mrs. Medhurst is as uniformly successful as the Phrygian fabulist, or even as the modern Danish novelist, but we do say that she has produced a very readable book in a form where so many have failed. Her writing is chaste and elegant, the fables are varied, and contain much wisdom, and occasionally exhibit touches of "the gentlest spirit of sweetest humour." The illustrations are by Mr. Thomas Hood, and show much thoughtful care, but are occasionally rather obscure.

Leçons Graduées de Traduction et de Lecture; or Graduated Lessons in Translating and Reading, with Biographical Sketches, Annotations on History, Geography, Synonyms and Style, &c. By Henri van Laun. (Trübner and Nutt.) This volume is a favourable example of the great improvement that has been made in the art of selection of extracts for schools. For our own part we do not very much admire the practice of teaching languages, after the first knowledge of the very elements has been acquired, by excerpts and quotations. It has certain advantages in familiarizing the pupil with a larger variety of styles and authors than he could otherwise become acquainted with; but on the whole, such knowledge, though larger in surface, is shallower in depth, and has a strong tendency to become vague and confused. Letting this pass, M. van Laun's French *delectus* is of the best description. The extracts are of sufficient length to excite the interest of the learner; and the preliminary remarks give just the kind and amount of information that is likely to be required in schools. The principle of arrangement is to place the easy pieces first, and then to proceed to those of greater difficulty. There are long extracts from *Charles XII.*, *Télémaque*, *Anacharsis*, and *Guillaume Tell*, after which the pupil is taken to Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, A. Dumas, and Émile Souvestre. Why, by the way, is George Sand omitted?

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RECENT FRENCH PUBLICATIONS.

Les Originaux de la Dernière Heure. (Examples of Originality in the Hour of Death.) Par Emile Colombey. 8vo. (Jung-Treutte, Paris; D. Nutt, London.) In the language of the Greeks and Romans we find every form of allegory employed to represent the last fading hours of the life of man. Death is therein termed "the daughter of the night," the sister of sleep. Ancient authors continually make use of such roundabout phrases as "he has quitted the feast," "he has rejoined his father," "he has lived," always avoiding with repugnance the mention of the word Death. This might at first sight appear remarkable in a people whose leading philosophical principle was to hold "the king of terrors" in contempt; but it is easily explained when we call to mind that the intellectual organization of the Greeks and the Romans led them to repudiate all physical idea of death as being anti-poetical. By referring to the *de dictis memorabilibus veterum*, we may see how many celebrated men of antiquity testified by their last words to the small value they set upon life. Montaigne says, "There is no subject on which I so willingly receive information as on the last moments of my fellow-creatures, their dying words, their expression of countenance. If I were a bookmaker, I should keep a commented register of the various ways of meeting death." In the eighteenth century a well-known French writer, Deslandes, attempted to carry out this idea in a modified form, but his book is very incomplete, and his style is heavy and wearisome. M. Emile Colombey has enlarged the subject, taking care at the same time to keep clear of well-known anecdotes, and to collect in his work only such as are pithy and new to the reader. In his gallery we find originals of every description, from the Emperors of Rome to the men of the Middle Ages, who were hanged on the gallows; from the chief of the Hussites, John Ziska, to a member of the Constitutional Assembly of France, Dr. Guillotin, who made the whole Assembly shout with laughter at his memorable speech, given with the utmost gravity, and reported in the *Moniteur*—"With my new machine I will make your heads jump off in the twinkling of an eye, and without your feeling the slightest pain." M. Emile Colombey gives us several examples of Frenchmen who liked to jest in the presence of Death, but they did so more from the egregious vanity inherent in their nation than from that calm elevation of soul possessed in a remarkable degree by the ancients, and by a few men of modern days. We will quote one or two of the shortest anecdotes from this work. Louis XI. of France, feeling his end approaching, exerted himself to the utmost to prolong his existence. He called on all the Saints to help him, and

François de Sales fell on his knees and prayed aloud that it would please God to restore life to the soul and to the body of the King. "Do not ask so much at once," interrupted the monarch; "be satisfied for the present to implore the Almighty only for the health of my body." The Marchioness of Pompadour said to the priest who had assisted in the last dying ceremonies by her bedside, and who was leaving the room, "Wait little, Monsieur l'Abbé, and we will take our departure at the same moment." Rameau, the celebrated French musician and composer, said suddenly to the cure who was administering *in articulo mortis*, "Sir, your voice is a discord." In vain they urged upon him the gravity of his situation. Rameau repeated again and again, "Monsieur le Curé, your voice is abominably out of tune."

Œuvres Complètes de W. Shakespeare. Traduites par François Hugo. Tome IX. (Pagnière, Paris; D. Nutt, London.) France has for some years turned her attention seriously to the study of Shakespeare; and among the works she has produced on this great dramatic genius, we find few so conscientious and so painstaking as the translation undertaken by M. François Hugo, son of the celebrated Victor Hugo. His work is to consist of twelve volumes, the ninth of which has been lately published. It is the first time that so elaborate and so enlarged a commentary on Shakespeare has appeared from the French press. All the most interesting matter in elucidation of his plays, contained in the English editions of Stevens, Malone, Charles Knight, Halliwell, &c., is here collected with much care and intelligence by the author. One sees at once that he has thoroughly mastered his subject, a somewhat difficult task for a Frenchman when that subject is Shakespeare, and if we venture to find any fault with the translation, it is with the form that M. Hugo has adopted. The genius of the two languages is totally different, and yet he has endeavoured to translate word for word and line for line, which makes the whole heavy to read, deprives it of all elegance, and, moreover, necessitates an occasional incorrectness of style. Another peculiarity is the manner in which the author has grouped the several plays, not dividing them into tragedies and comedies, but placing them under various heads, according to the characteristics of each play. For instance, "Antony and Cleopatra" and "Romeo and Juliet" form one volume, entitled *The Tragical Lovers (Les Amants Tragiques)*. "Coriolanus" and "King Lear" form another, entitled *The Family (La Famille)*; a third volume has for its title, *Jealousy (Les Jaloux)*, a fourth *The Tyrants (Les Tyrans)*; and then follow *Society (La Société)*, *The Fairy Plays*, and so on. This classification is ingenious enough, but we doubt if it will be approved in England.

Mémoires d'un Bibliographe. (The Memoirs of a Bibliographer.) Par Tenant de Latour. (Dentu, Paris; D. Nutt, London.) If bibliography and the love of books form a large element of happiness and enjoyment when life is all sunshine and prosperity, they are no less a valuable resource and consolation in the hour of adversity. The work just published by M. Tenant de Latour is a signal proof of this argument. The author was formerly librarian to Louis Philippe at the Palace of Compiegne, and gives us a series of interesting letters containing information full of novelty on all the French authors from the time of Henry IV. to the writers of the eighteenth century. A letter, consisting only of twenty pages, on the literature of nations foreign to France, shows the extensive knowledge possessed by the author on this branch of the subject, a knowledge rare among Frenchmen. A few private details and anecdotes of his intercourse with some illustrious French families, help to make this book very attractive to the reader.

Le Parfum de Rome. (The Perfume of Rome.) Par Louis Veuillot. (Gaume frères, Paris; D. Nutt, London.) Rome and its history are become at the present day the field of a literary contention which threatens to be as desperate as the struggle between the kingdom of Italy and the temporal dominion of the Pope. Monsieur de Montalembert and Louis Veuillot have sustained the combat against their numerous adversaries with much courage and dig-

nity, and if they have not come off victorious the fault does not lie with them, but in the cause itself. The latter has just published, under a very poetical title, an animated description of the various phases of brilliancy and of misery through which the Papacy has passed, from the time of St. Peter and of Nero up to the present day. Notwithstanding all the one-sidedness of the writer who is defending a lost cause, the style in which he clothes his argument is so attractive that we read his book with pleasure, as we should read the eloquent pleading of a lawyer, although we could by no means accept his opinions. This is how he justifies the title of his work:—

"Wherein then does the perfume of Rome consist? No enthusiast could analyse it, it is an impalpable essence, and escapes imperceptibly. To be aware of it you must be gifted with soul. Such as Christianity has made her with all her endowments and all her legacies, Rome is essentially the city of the soul. She possesses a language understood by all sentient beings; but where reason stands alone, unsupported by feeling, she will never be understood. Who can ever speak of Rome with the indifference with which they speak of Berlin, of London, or of Paris? Rome will always excite love or hatred such as can be aroused by no other capital in the world. Rome the triumphant! the imperial among nations! She may govern for God or for Satan, but she will always govern."

Etudes sur les Arts. (Studies on the Arts.) Par Gustave Planche. (Michel Lévy, Paris; D. Nutt, London.) From Rome we turn naturally to the fine arts; let us therefore speak of a volume of essays in which M. Gustave Planche, the great art critic in Paris, has condensed his studies on Rubens, Rembrandt, Correggio, Ingres, Delacroix, Mozart, Beethoven, and Meyerbeer. Among the many details he gives of the lives of these artists, those relating to Rubens are the most interesting. He explains the cause which obliged his parents to reside in the town of Siegen, where the celebrated painter was born, and not at Cologne or Antwerp as has been hitherto supposed. This cause was no other than an amorous intrigue which was carried on between the father of Rubens and Anne of Saxony, the wife of William the Silent, and from whom the latter separated in consequence of this scandal, and soon afterwards re-married. Many documents and letters exist in proof of these facts. Unfortunately the volume ends with a chapter on the English Stage, in which the author shows himself as ignorant concerning Shakespere as are his countrymen in general.

LITERARY CONTROVERSIES IN IRELAND. (From a Correspondent.)

DUBLIN, JANUARY 12.

BEFORE entering upon the subject indicated above, I may mention that Dr. O'Donovan, whose death has been lately announced in your columns, has left a large and comparatively unprovided family, to whom a national subscription is about to be presented. At the first meeting of the committee, a resolution was proposed by the Rev. Dr. Todd, S.F.T.C.D., and seconded by Dr. Wilde, to the effect that Ireland had suffered an irreparable calamity by the death of Dr. O'Donovan, who, by his many published works, displaying eminent attainments in Celtic philology, combined with a profound and extensive knowledge of history, topography, and archaeology, has been mainly instrumental in obtaining for native Irish learning a recognised position in the estimation of the world. Seemingly jealous of the honours, contemporary and posthumous, which have been lavished upon this great man and his memory, Mr. John Scurry, son of the late James Scurry, one of the smartest Irish scholars of his day, has published a letter, in which he accuses the late Dr. O'Donovan of having appropriated, without acknowledgment, some manuscripts of Scurry's, and worked them up in his comprehensive Irish Grammar. The accusation is believed to be alike base and baseless; and it has been asserted by the librarian of the Royal Irish Academy that Scurry's grammatical works, still extant in manuscript, have been long regarded as defective by competent Irish students. That Scurry, however, possessed other claims to Celtic scholarship we know on the authority of O'Donovan, who, in his *Grammar of*

the Irish Language, page 63, specially mentions that Scurry possessed an extensive knowledge of philology, general literature, and philosophical grammar; and, further, O'Donovan, on the same page, volunteers the statement that it was by Scurry he was himself first induced to apply to the study of the higher branches of grammar and archaeology. But Mr. Scurry's representative has advanced other startling charges. "For some time previous to his death," he writes, "my father was engaged on the Irish Records in Dublin Castle, being at the time of his appointment the only person to be found in the country capable of discharging the duties assigned to him."

The author of a memoir of O'Donovan in the *Hibernian Magazine* has retorted by observing that this statement is disproved by the Reports of the Record Commission, from which it appears that at the time referred to there were upwards of twelve competent individuals employed on the work, which Mr. Scurry asserts could be done by no one in Ireland except his father! I may add, that the position assigned in this business to Mr. Scurry must have been a very subordinate one, as his name does not appear at all in the Reports of the Commissioners, which enumerate the various officers employed by them and the works which they executed. Mr. John Scurry's next statement is as follows:—"My father died on the 28th of March, 1828. In a few weeks after that time (as the date on the title of the work will show) *Hardiman's (?) Minstrelsy* was published. James Hardiman had less to do with that work than I had. I was then very young, and well recollect holding the metrical version of my father's original literal translation for comparison with the printed sheets sent him for revision. But though others get their due share of credit for their labours on that work, my father's name was altogether omitted, in order that the reputed author might reap the honours due to my father. 'Dead men tell no tales.' " Mr. Scurry added, that within a week after the death of his father, Mr. Hardiman examined Scurry's library, and removed therefrom a quantity of manuscripts; in proof whereof Scurry's widow was prepared to make an affidavit.

Mr. Scurry's astute opponent has shown that Hardiman's *Irish Minstrelsy* was published in 1831 and not in 1828; and further, that Mr. Hardiman, in acknowledging his obligations to those who had assisted him, expressly says:—"The late lamented James Scurry, author of valuable remarks on Irish Dictionaries, Grammars, &c., in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, favoured the writer (Hardiman) by kindly perusing most of his selections." And in another work, Hardiman, so far from concealing his obligations to Scurry, wrote that he was much indebted to him, and mentioned the high opinion he entertained of his critical knowledge of ancient Irish, adding the following words:—"The valuable assistance of Mr. James Scurry in the Translations deserves my warmest acknowledgments." The foregoing completely disprove the statement that Hardiman appropriated James Scurry's labours without acknowledgment; but let us next hear what James Scurry himself said of his obligations to the man who is now sought to be held up as his dishonest enemy. At page 68 of his *Review of Dictionaries*, James Scurry wrote as follows:—"The author cannot conclude without expressing his graceful acknowledgment to James Hardiman, Esq., author of the *History of Galway* and other works relating to Ireland, to whose knowledge of the language and antiquities of the country he is indebted for many useful observations, and whose rare collection of manuscripts was imparted with a liberality equalled only by his zeal for promoting any measure connected with Irish literature."

Mr. Scurry has pulled down a regular hornets' nest about his ears. Hardiman's son has published a letter in one of the morning papers, in which he quotes from a private communication addressed in January, 1824, by the late James Scurry to the late James Hardiman. "Let me know whether there be any probability of your succeeding in procuring a situation for me in either of the ways which you stated. I still confide in your kind-heartedness, and am conscious, if you have it within the grasp of

your power, that you will not fail of obtaining it for me. I would wish to hear from you as soon as possible some account of this to me very important affair; and also whether you have spoken to the booksellers about that little Irish work of mine which I have to dispose of." "If James Scurry got appointed to a situation on the Record Commission, I leave it to be supposed who it was exerted his influence to that end. After James Scurry came to reside in Dublin," proceeds young Hardiman, "my father employed him in copying Irish melodies, which he was then contemplating for the press. James Scurry was a very good Irish scribe, wrote Irish very neat, which is one of the reasons my father employed him to copy the Irish melodies, as he had to send copies of the melodies to the various gentlemen who kindly undertook to translate them into English verse. It appears that the first proof sheet of the *Irish Minstrelsy* was issued from the press in July, 1827, and the work itself was published in September, 1831; and, as it is stated James Scurry died on the 28th March, 1828, he had not much time to correct the text in the proof sheets with the Irish MS. originals before his death; and any services rendered by James Scurry on that work are fully acknowledged in the introduction. With regard to the removal of MSS. from Mr. Scurry's library, I venture to say that it is easy for Mr. Scurry to make assertions now that there are no means of disproving them. How Mr. Scurry arrives at the conclusion that his father's MS. 'taken' by my father from his father's library was the 'foundation' of the grammatical work the late lamented Dr. O'Donovan commenced in 1828, I am at a loss to comprehend."

The writer of the memoir of O'Donovan stingily observed that "Scurry's grave at Kilpeck, near Mullinavat, county Kilkenny, was unmarked by even the simplest stone, and that Scurry's descendants would do better to remedy this neglect rather than seek to unduly elevate the claims of their father by unjust and untrue charges against such venerable names as those of James Hardiman and John O'Donovan. I intend," he caustically concluded, "to send a copy of Mr. Scurry's letter to the editor of the great forthcoming English Dictionary, as furnishing a new and original etymology for the word 'scurrility,' which Richardson, one of our highest authorities, explains as meaning 'low calumny,' deriving it from the *scurvus*, or retailers of absurd falsehoods in ancient Rome."

Mr. John Scurry has replied, in a letter dated the 9th January. "The writer, in his memoir, said that 'Scurry had gained some character' as a Gaelic scholar. I found fault with him for not awarding my father a larger share of merit; and while he admits the justice of my complaint, he does so with a very bad grace indeed. My assertion that my father was 'the only person to be found in the country capable of discharging the duties assigned him,' is replied to by saying that 'the position assigned him must have been a very subordinate one.' The malice here is evident—not so the refutation. I still maintain, no matter what the writer of the memoir may say to the contrary, that Hardiman did not treat my father fairly for his labours on the *Irish Minstrelsy*. I am well aware of everything in connection with that work: the writer of the memoir depends for his information on the words and writings of interested parties. To suppose that Dr. O'Donovan made use of Scurry's manuscripts without acknowledgment is, he thinks, 'too absurd to merit a moment's attention.' Perhaps so. But how can the writer of the memoir reconcile this opinion with his own statements—that the late doctor was born in 'July, 1809,' and that he 'commenced the compilation of his grammar in 1828' (the year, as I have already stated, of my father's death), the doctor being then only nineteen years of age? The reader can easily judge which statement looks like the truth, and whether or not the manuscripts removed from my father's collection were 'the foundation of O'Donovan's grammar.' Only think of a youth of nineteen commencing the compilation of a grammar of any language, much less that of a language that was nearly dead!" In point of fact, however, O'Donovan was a very precocious genius, and had, even previous to this date, instructed in the Irish language, Lieutenant, now General Sir Thomas

Larcom. The quarrel is as pretty and as personal a one as Sir Lucius O'Trigger would wish to see. Scurry's opponent, apparently dreading personal violence, dated his castigatory letter from "Limerick," in reply to Scurry's letter published in the *Dublin Freeman* of the same day, and after he (the opponent) had examined such records and documents in *Dublin* as had enabled him to disprove Scurry's charges. Limerick, it may be added, is a hundred and twenty-nine miles from Dublin!

Mr. Scurry replies, "that his father's grave was not, and never was, at Kilpeckan. His ashes were exhumed from their original resting-place more than thirty years since, and there is something more than 'a simple stone' placed at his head; moreover, it has on its face an inscription, a portion of which is in the Ogham character. His descendants have, therefore, nothing in that respect to remedy." When those who condescended to peruse my former letter shall have read this also, they can easily judge whether my pen, or that of the anonymous and inaccurate writer, to whom this is a reply, is the more scurilous." And in satiric allusion to the known punning propensities of his tough opponent, Scurry adds, for his information, that *scurve* applies to buffoons, as well as to the scurilous, if he means to give his promised aid to Richardson, "who, I am of opinion, would not derive much advantage from the assistance of the writer, unless he possesses a better knowledge of etymology than he appears to have of syntax." As some of the questions raised by Mr. John Scurry involve interests nationally and personally important, it is very satisfactory that they are receiving such ample ventilation.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FLORENCE, January 10.

A life came to a close at the latter end of 1861, which ought not to be left without a word of commemoration on your side the Alps; although it was one of which the *falsus semita* is likely enough to be overlooked among the numerous more noisy and garish claims on our attention. I speak of the premature death of Samuel Romanin, the author of the *Storia Documentata di Venezia*. He died in the fifty-third year of his age, at Venice, on the 9th of September last. And the Italian literary journals, not only of his own province, but throughout the peninsula, have recognized the loss which Italian literature has sustained. But the great work of his life, the *Storia Documentata di Venezia*, will become, it may safely be affirmed, one of European reputation, and well entitles its author to a tribute of recognition from the representatives of the literature of other nations.

The life of Romanin was one of a class of which we have few examples among ourselves. It was one of those pale existences—pale to the eyes of those who look on it in its shady retirement from the warmer and brighter sunlight of the more brilliant walks of life,—so quiet, so uneventful, so monotonous, so void of excitement, and of what most of us are wont to consider the absorbing interests of life, as to give an impression of melancholy, and to seem to ask for the pity of those whose lot is cast in the sunnier and more quickly moving parts of the social stream. It may be supposed, however, and hoped, that all this is an illusion; and that the quiet scholar, whose daily intellectual labour barely suffices to supply on the most modest scale his daily necessities, but whose toil is that of "labour we delight in," which "physics pain," has his satisfactions as keenly felt, and as much contentment, as those who on the sunny side of the social hedge may be inclined to pity him.

Samuel Romanin was born at Trieste in 1808, of Jewish parents in very poor circumstances. Left an orphan at the age of thirteen, with two younger brothers and a sister, he assumed the post and the duties of head of the destitute little family; and, betaking himself to Venice, there began at once to maintain himself and his brothers and sister, by giving lessons in French and German. And from that day to the date of his death this occupation was his principal means of support. For the first

seven years of the time it was his only resource. After that he laboured also as a translator; and among other things produced Italian versions of the historical works of Hammer-Purgstall, which have passed through various editions. In 1842-4 he produced a successful *History of the Nations of Europe after the Fall of the Roman Empire*, dedicated to the women of Italy, and intended as a contribution to the means of female education, of which the want in Italy is so conspicuous and so severely felt.

But he was already meditating and collecting materials for the great work which has given him a place among the noteworthy literary men of Europe. But the first *fasciculus* of the *Storia Documentata* did not appear till July, 1853. In 1848 the Liberal Government of Venice appointed him Professor of Venetian History in the new schools established by its earliest care; and threw open to him all the vast treasure-houses of the Venetian Archives.

But this gleam of prosperity did not, as we all know, last long: and on the return of the "legitimate" government, Romanin feared that he should be obliged to transfer to Florence the publication of his work, and had begun negotiations to that effect. It would seem, however, that the Austrian authorities did not see ground to fear investigations into the history of a time when Italy as a nation was an idea that had not yet risen on men's minds. And the *Storia Documentata* has been proceeded with at Venice from that time till the present. The third part of the ninth volume, bringing the narrative down to the year 1796, has just been published; and the readers of the *Literary Gazette* will be glad to learn that the remainder of the work, bringing the history down to the fall of Venice in 1798, and even the Index to the whole, has been found in a complete state, ready for the press, among the author's papers.

In 1858-9, Signor Romanin read before the Society of the "Venetian Athenaeum" several lectures on Venetian history, which were printed by various literary journals, and met with considerable success. Besides these various occupations, "Professor" Romanin—for so he continued to be called by virtue of his brief professorship under the revolutionary Government—was sworn interpreter of German to the Venetian Courts.

He was a most accomplished Hebraist; and would read the Talmudical books into perfectly correct Italian with the utmost fluency. He moreover wrote French with correctness and facility, and corresponded with Guizot, Thierry, and Thiers in that language.

Of the *Storia Documentata* I shall hope to give you a careful account as soon as the work shall be completed. The title sufficiently explains the principle on which the work has been composed. And the immense mass of hitherto unexamined documents, throwing the most important light on many of the most interesting periods of the history of Venice, is such as to make a work of this kind in the highest degree desirable and useful. In some measure the nature of Professor Romanin's work may be held to place it rather in the category of materials for history than in that more elevated one of well-composed history itself. But at all events it is certain, that all the history of Venice, as it stood before the labours of Signor Romanin had been expended on the subject, must be re-written. And the reconsideration, which will have to be given to certain portions of that history,—perhaps taking it all in all, the most remarkable which the world has ever furnished,—will be, I think I may venture to say, altogether in the sense of a more favourable construction of the spirit and system of the Venetian Government. The Italian mind is not just now in a mood to find excuses and justifications for tyranny and absolutism. The researches, which of late years have in such great abundance been made into the history of most of the States of Italy, have not led to a more lenient judgment of Popes or Viceroys, of Medici or Visconti, or Sforza. Venice alone, of all the small governments which divided Italy among them, has come out from the test of modern critical investigation with advantage. The *Storia Documentata* of Professor Romanin will be found effectually to dissipate certain popular notions, founded probably rather on the picturesque imaginings of novelists and poets, and

the yet more misleading works of French historians, than on any of the genuine bases of historical science.

The transition from a necrological notice of poor Romanin, and consideration of his labours among the dusty archives of mediæval Venice, to the present promise of a living sculptor's studio, is perhaps somewhat too *brusque* to be artistic. But I have for some weeks past been looking for an opportunity of saying a word or two on a work over which Hiram Powers, the well-known author of the "Greek Slave," is now engaged; and I will therefore take the present occasion of doing so, at the risk of somewhat too abruptly contrasting my lights and shadows.

The new work which now occupies the position of honour in Powers's well-known studio is an "Eve," the second rendering of the subject which the American sculptor has given us. But this time it is Eve after the Fall and the expulsion from Paradise; and I think it will be the greatest work the artist has yet produced.

As yet the statue is only in the plaster of Paris—not in the clay, as would be the case with another artist; for Powers in this respect follows a system of work entirely his own. Instead of modelling in clay, he builds the figure up in plaster of Paris, and works on that material with a series of files of a peculiar construction, and of his own invention.

At all events, the Eve as she now stands in the plaster, barely finished in all points as yet, justifies the artist's mode of operation. She is, even in her present material, a most lovely work of art. She looks upwards with a most touching expression of undying and ineffaceable regret, tempered with resignation. It is a most beautiful face; and the attitude of the figure is instinct with the very poetry of motion. She is in the act of walking; and the artist has succeeded in giving to every part of the perfectly nude figure so complete an expression of graceful and majestic onward motion, that one absolutely may gaze at it till one expects the hindmost foot, which is in the act of quitting the earth, to complete the action.

The figure finds the support which the nature of the material—marble, it is to be—renders necessary, in an ivy-grown trunk of a tree, reaching to about the mid-thigh; and round this is twined the snake. One does not well see why the reptile, which has done its devil's task, should still haunt the presence of its victim, after her expulsion from the terrestrial paradise. But I suppose that artistic requirements of "telling the story"—of enabling the spectator, that is to say, to know the mother of the human race "from many another one," as the song says—demand this. Apollo must still carry his bow, although, as Horace tells us, he is not always using it. St. Catherine must not be seen without her wheel; and it is to be supposed that poor Eve is condemned by artists, though not by theologians, to constant companionship with her unprepossessing seducer.

It is a great pity that this beautiful and successful work cannot be finished in the marble in time to appear in London this spring. It would have been the artist's wish that she should have done so, had it been possible; but if painters and poets find time inexorable, he shows himself still less elastic to those whose dealings are with hard marble. T. A. T.

MUNICH, January 11.

For a great number of years the Artists' Ball, which was given during the Carnival, was a chief point of attraction during that particular season, and was always looked forward to by the inhabitants of Munich as well as others who came hither to see it, with particular interest; for the arrangements were invariably distinguished by that taste which, it must be acknowledged, marks whatever the artists here undertake. Four years, however, have elapsed, without a renewal of one of those brilliant balls, from which, if he could help it, no one would absent himself. It seemed almost as if there were to be no more of them, and people began to talk about their elegance and splendour as things of the past. But the younger artists of Munich—or "young Munich," as people say here—have determined that another year shall not pass without a renewal of the glories which made their ball so

famous, and accordingly have resolved that one shall be held in the first half of the month of February. Whoever, therefore, about that time, may be within a moderate distance of the Bavarian capital, let him avail himself of this information, and repair thither to witness the festivity. The thought which it is intended to embody is this: that the fairy world, for one evening, is allowed to dispel the cares of the somewhat ominous Present.

A dramatic scene from some well-known fairy tale will first be given on a raised stage at one end of the hall, accompanied by fitting music. This prepares the way for the disenchantment of the Prince and Princess of the story, who then prepare to celebrate their wedding. And it is in this wedding procession that all the different sorts of fairy lore find their representatives. The stage now is turned into a splendid castle, on the banks of the Rhine, and thither the Prince and his bride, with their attendant train, now repair. Prince Arthur's knights are there as representants of the romantic tale; Rubezahl and Little Red Riding Hood, as belonging to the woods; Cinderella is emblematical of Household Stories, while Undine and a train of water-nymphs mark at once another distinct category. Then come the Comical Fairy Tales, such as *Puss in Boots*, and others of the same sort.

Kaulbach is diligently at work on his large cartoon, "The Reformation," which is to close the series of pictures he has painted for Berlin. It is of the same size as the others in the grand entrance to the New Museum. All the worthies of the eventful period in which the Reformation falls are here brought together. Luther naturally is the prominent figure, and he stand in the centre of the picture, but somewhat in the background, holding up on high the open Bible, like Moses with the tables of stone before the rebellious Israelites.

Queen Elizabeth, could she see her portrait, would be well pleased with the face and figure which our German artist has given her. Shakespeare, who is sitting in the foreground beside Camoens, is a fine *imaginary* figure, with just sufficient resemblance to the portraiture we are accustomed to consider as the likeness of the poet, to enable the spectator to recognize it. As I said, the head is a creation of the artist, and not more like any known portrait of the dramatist than certain portraits of Byron were really like him. But Kaulbach does not mind such discrepancies; he paints the typical man—the representative man is perhaps the right expression—and is not to be disconcerted by being told that the features of this or that individual are quite idealized. "Shakespere must have looked so," he will say, "I am sure he must. Look at all these heads," he continues, pointing to busts and drawings, and prints of every description, with which the tables and floor of his atelier are strewed, "is it possible for Shakespere to have looked like that?"

It is much to be regretted that none of Kaulbach's large cartoons will find their way to England at the approaching Exhibition. The Bavarian Government is, it seems, not disposed to incur any expense for the transport of pictures, or other works of art; and as the different artists will not pay for the carriage out of their own pockets, few objects are likely to be sent.

The house at Bonn, in which Arnalt the poet lived—better known as "Father Arnalt,"—was about to be removed; but the municipal authorities have resolved to purchase it, in order that it may remain as a memorial of the honest, hearty, unflinching old patriot.

I close this letter with a translation of an advertisement which appeared the other day in the *Universal Gazette* of Augsburg, and is as dull a thing as any I have met with for a long time. The notion of combining the *duce* and *utile* in the person of a tiger, who was also to be "English companion," is quite as good in its way as the English advertisements for a governess, who is required to be possessed of every accomplishment, and to take charge of half-a-dozen children, for a less sum than an upper housemaid gets as wages. The one I refer to was as follows:—"A girl or a groom (small servant), English by birth, may find a place immediately, being wanted for the sake of English conversation. Address," &c. &c.

SCIENCE.

The Home of the British Soldier: General Report of the Commission appointed for Improving the Condition of Barracks and Hospitals. Blue Book. 1861.

SECOND NOTICE.

THE improvements recommended by the Commissioners in their Report on Barracks at present existing are—

1. Diminution of over-crowding.
2. Improvements in ventilation, warming, and lighting.
3. Improvements in water supply, drainage, latrines, and urinals.
4. Improvements in ablution- and bath-rooms.
5. Improvements in cook-houses.
6. Improvements in wash-houses.

Ventilation and diminution of over-crowding are obviously the most urgent and important to health of all the improvements recommended. The first could be commenced at once; but to reduce the inmates of barrack-rooms to such an extent as to afford six hundred cubic feet per man (the space considered as really necessary), is simply impracticable until the barrack accommodation can be extended. To meet the emergency arising from deficient accommodation as far as possible, the Secretary of State issued a circular on the 1st of October, 1858, in which, after reciting the recommendation of the Royal Commission on the subject of cubic space, namely, six hundred cubic feet per man in barracks, one thousand two hundred cubic feet per man in hospitals in temperate climates, and one thousand five hundred feet in hospitals in tropical climates, he directed that, "In future, therefore, whenever, from but partial occupation of a barrack or hospital, it be possible by spreading the men more generally throughout the barracks to allot to each man a greater cubical space than is now afforded, such extension is to be permitted to the extent necessary to afford the cubical space as above laid down."

This circular, no doubt, was an improvement on past practice, and, if rigidly followed, would enable in many cases a larger amount of space to be given than at present. It could be applied easily during summer and in temperate weather, but in winter it would hardly be applicable, because every inmate removed from a barrack-room takes his coal-ration with him, and hence without more fuel or improved methods of warming, more cubic space would necessarily imply colder rooms.

A method of giving effect to the recommendation of the Royal Commission has been proposed, which, if carried out, would defeat the very object which the Commission had in view. It has been proposed to calculate the space per man not on the beds in the room, but on the chance occupation.

That is, suppose a room stands in the construction as a ten-men room, and that two men are on an average out of it on duty, the proposal is to give six hundred cubic feet per man to the remaining eight men, if the room will afford it. It hence would follow that $\frac{8 \times 600}{10}$ would give four hundred and eighty cubic feet per man for ten men as the regulation accommodation.

Now, it so happens that this four hundred and eighty cubic feet for ten men, raised to six hundred for eight men, by two men being on duty, is the identical method of apportioning space hitherto in use, which has been one cause of the sickness and mortality of the army, and which the Royal Commission wished

to put an end to. The Commissioners object to this proceeding in the most decided manner. The number of men painted on the door ought to indicate the number of beds in the room at six hundred cubic feet each, otherwise the overcrowding will continue as at present. The only temporary remedy for overcrowding which can meet the requirements of the case is providing huts or tents, and the only permanent remedy is providing more barrack accommodation.

Next in importance to reduction of overcrowding and improved ventilation is ranked improved drainage, improved cooking and washing arrangements. But large works of construction, such as barrack extension, involving great outlay, a cost dependent on local circumstances which cannot hastily be ascertained, and much time in their execution, is not included in the estimates of the Commissioners for obvious reasons. To indicate the extent in detail of the improvements required in different barracks the Commissioners give a table, of which the following is a correct abstract:—Ventilation of barrack-rooms by shafts and inlets is required in 5339 rooms; ventilation of non-commissioned officers' rooms, by Arnott's valves, is required in all rooms; ventilation of schoolrooms, library, reading-rooms, and workshops, is required in nearly all; ventilation of guard-rooms by shafts and inlets, &c., is required in nearly all; ventilation of canteens is required everywhere; ventilation of barrack passages and staircases is needed in every case; ventilation of stables under barrack-rooms, by shafts, is required everywhere; remodelled grates for warming part of the air admitted is required in all barrack-rooms and guard-rooms, libraries, reading-rooms, and in some schoolrooms.

The abolition of cess-pits, drainage of barracks, and construction of water latrines is required in 135 barracks. Other improvements in latrines in 20 barracks. Improved water supply, where such improved supply is easily obtainable, is required in 40 barracks. Improvements in ablution rooms is required in 124 barracks. Bathing accommodation is needed in 123 barracks. Means of drying linen in women's wash-houses, fixed tubs, are required in 110 barracks. Other improvements in washing are found necessary in 22 barracks. Roasting ovens are required in the cook-houses in 108 barracks. Improvements in cleansing, including manure heaps, ash-pits, &c., are required in 53 barracks. Improvements in surface-drainage are required in 23 barracks. Substituted boarded floors for flagging or asphalt are required in 6 barracks. Introducing gas with ventilated gas-burners, where gas is easily obtainable, is needed in 51 barracks; and open additional windows in 18 barracks.

These facts show the extent to which sanitary precautions have been hitherto overlooked in all barracks, and the large outlay required to remedy the defects. The foul air of overcrowded sleeping-rooms and guard-rooms has been treated as if it were a thing of no importance to health. Bad drainage, cess-pits, manure-pits, and ash-pits, occasioning nuisance in many barrack-rooms, and polluting the subsoil of the barrack enclosure with filth even to the extent of endangering or damaging the purity of wells, exist to greater or less extent in nearly all barracks at the present time. With very few exceptions there were no means of cooking except the old regulation boiler at the time the Commissioners began their work. There were hardly any baths. There were no means in wet or damp weather of drying the soldiers' linen washed in the defective barrack wash-houses, except the barrack-room fire, al-

though good laundries had been provided in connection with the married quarters in the very few barracks where these quarters have been recently erected. Into very few barracks had gas been introduced in comparison with the number of barracks into which, although at hand, it had not been introduced.

Unfortunately the amount of money required to remedy the defects is very large,—far more so than could have been foreseen, because such an entire ignoring of the necessity of sanitary works could never have been anticipated; but, on the other hand, it ought not to be forgotten, that these structural differences ought not to have existed at all in any barrack, or indeed in any building intended for human habitation. It will undoubtedly cost more to remedy the evils now, than it would have cost to prevent them in the first instance; but the Commissioners feel perfect confidence in stating that whatever the cost of carrying out sanitary improvements in barracks and hospitals may be,—for both classes of buildings must be considered together,—it will be money well laid out; for it will not only lead to improved health and comfort of the soldier, but to general improved efficiency in the army.

The second section of the Report of the Commissioners relates to the condition of hospitals attached to barracks. The whole question of reform in the construction and management of hospitals is one of the greatest moment, and sanitary reformers have long since had their vision fixed on hospitals, with a kind of inkling that these benevolent institutions are in many cases the nourishing grounds of diseases, rather than the places where the sick poor may enter, and receive, if not the luxuries, at least the advantages of the palace. There is great truth in all this, and no one can read history without feeling a deep regret in observing that the origin of the sick hospital was the most unfortunate phase in its career. The buildings called hospitals were constructed primarily not for the sick, but for the healthy, and for a religious rather than for a temporary end. The first hospitals were erected at the holy places, or on stations on the way to them: there pilgrims coming from afar found temporary rest and support. Thus Palestine became the site of the earliest of these institutions. The pilgrimage to this land of promise was one of dearth and danger, and the wayfarer, too often worn out by his self-imposed obligations, sank by the way, a martyr to his cherished superstition. To prevent these evils the hospital rose, a place of rest, where the wearied body recruited its strength, and the faithful soul its hope. Jerome set the first example by building a hospital at Bethlehem; while Paula, his friend, anxious to follow in the labour, be-sprinkled the paths to that famous village with similar resting-places for the "devout idlers" who turned thitherward. After a time the design was extended, and the protection of the hospital, confined no longer to the mere pilgrim, was placed at the disposition of travellers generally; and by the eleventh century hospitals, superintended by special brotherhoods, became common over the whole of Europe.

The first sick hospitals were the offshoots of the hospitals of rest above described. They, who, visiting the hospitals of rest, brought with them cutaneous maladies and pests, must needs be removed from the healthy, and must have a dwelling for themselves—a pest-house. The pest-house, in its turn, admitted of imitation and extension. If a pest-house were a convenience to a hospital, or temporary home for pilgrims or travellers, how much more a convenience should it be to a town or a city!

The idea took root, grew, and flourished; and the hospital for the sick became the fact of the time.

The first hospital devoted exclusively to the care of the sick was erected in England, in 1070, by Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, and was so arranged that one half of the institution was applied to the reception of men, and the other of women. The example again became general, and sick hospitals began to appear wherever the monastery or cathedral marked the pretensions of the all-powerful Church. The sick hospitals were first placed under the management of the bishops, who ultimately gave them in charge to their deacons.

In the above passages we have referred specially to the origin of general hospitals, but it would seem that military hospitals had a more ancient origin. Thus long prior to the erection of the hospice of the Christian ecclesiastic, there existed homes for the sick and wounded of the Emerald Isle; for when the regal residences of Tara and Emania existed, there was attached to the latter the "Teagh na Craibhe Ruadhe," or "House of the Crimson Branch," where the warriors of old hung up their arms and trophies; and near to this stood the "Broin Beang," or "House of Sorrow," where the sick wounded were provided for.

It would appear that the Templars also, under the government of John de Lastri, erected hospitals for the cure of their sick and wounded, to which hospital, it is probable that physicians and surgeons were specially appointed.

Step by step, gradually throwing off the governance of the Church, sick hospitals, civil and military, have reached the perfection, or imperfection, at present presented. Founded on fundamental error, and constructed ever since on one common plan, not adapted for the sick at all, there is scarcely a hospital of any kind in this kingdom, and in the world altogether, which can be considered as fitted for the purposes to which it is now applied. We were conversant with the deficiencies of civil hospitals, and were prepared to hear a great deal with respect to these establishments in their military positions, but not to the full extent given in the Report of the Commissioners, who sum up the defects of the hospital in terms even more critical than those which they employed in respect to barracks.

Thus, they tell us that the defects of local position are great; that sacrifices to health are made in trying to connect the hospital with the barrack; that some hospitals occupy sites naturally unfavourable to health, while others are in places which have become unhealthy from preventable causes; and that the area of ground devoted to the hospitals is too small to afford sufficient space for the officers, and for an exercising ground for convalescents. That in plan and construction there is a want of uniformity, an absence of any adequate recognition of the influence of one form of construction more than another on the ventilation, lighting, and sanitary state of the buildings; that the wards are placed back to back, without any sufficient means of ventilation; that long passages or corridors are introduced, into which a number of wards open, whereby the foul air of all the wards becomes diffused through the building, and direct light and ventilation are cut off from one entire side of each ward; that the window space is deficient, the windows existing only on one side of the ward, with the beds arranged along the dead walls, instead of between the windows; that sufficient light and air are not admitted; and that the walls of the wards are deficient in height. To

these errors of construction it is added that

there is unnecessary multiplication of parts in some hospitals, by which the original cost of the building has been enhanced, the space cut up into an unnecessary number of wards and offices, the cost of administration increased, and the sanitary state of the building injured. In nearly all the hospital wards there is also overcrowding, great diversity in the amount of cubic space allowed for the sick, and an absence of any principle as to the amount of space per bed necessary for the healthiness of the building. And as no proper arrangements for ventilation exist in any hospital, with the exception of one in Dublin, the atmosphere in sick wards is close and stagnant. The stairs, passages, stores, and serjeants' rooms are equally defective; and with all these deficiencies there is combined no efficient plan for warming the apartments. The drainage and water supply are not less open to fault; the surface drainage is bad, the gutters are sometimes imperfectly laid and retain foul water; in the majority of instances there is no drainage for the latrines; cess-pits, often close to the hospital wards, are full to overflowing with water, or their fluid contents infiltrate the subsoil and endanger the purity of the hospital wells. The water supply is often deficient in amount, and in the majority of cases is obtained from shallow wells, and distributed by hand labour; ash-pits in general use for receiving and accumulating hospital refuse are generally situated in close backyards, and in immediate proximity to the sick wards. Little or no ablution accommodation, suitable for sick or convalescents, is afforded. Few or no fixed baths, with a proper supply of hot and cold water, exist, and there are no proper bath-rooms. Indeed, the whole arrangements are sadly deficient and totally inadequate for their objects. The chief defects of the hospital kitchens consist in their position within hospital buildings and under sick wards; there is also a want of ventilation, a want of uniformity in the means of cooking hospital diets, and the cooking ranges are in a state of disrepair or worn out.

In hospital washhouses there are no sufficient means for washing and drying the minor articles, such as towels, dressings, &c., used by the sick. The accommodation for officers, orderlies, and hospital storeage, is both defective and deficient. Many of the surgeries are wanting in space. There is a deficiency of hospital serjeants' quarters, whilst the orderlies are found sleeping in the same room with the sick. Misappropriation of wards in over-crowded hospitals is found to exist, arising from want of such accommodation. Lastly, a deficiency of accommodation for the sick wives and children of non-commissioned officers and soldiers is universal, except at Aldershot; much suffering and privation resulting from this want.

The Commissioners, having exposed the existing defects in military hospital establishments, conclude by recommending improvements in every department, and describe, with a degree of scientific precision and simplicity not often met with in volumes of this kind, a variety of facts and of rules bearing on the questions of construction and management.

The book is one, indeed, that would be useful to any scientific man engaged in the practice of building temporary or permanent habitations, but it naturally commends itself most to the builders of military establishments and to the medical staff of the army. We should infer that if the work were condensed into the form of a manual or guide-book for the special service of the gentlemen named immediately above, it would prove at once a readable volume, and one of immense service for instant

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reference. There would be no necessity, in such a suggested abridgment, to describe in detail the existing defects and their causes, but the pages might be filled up freely and advantageously in pointing out how—when any defect does exist in a given hospital—it may be remedied, or how, in the construction of a new building (barrack or hospital), the errors of a past age may be altogether avoided.

Whether this extended application of the knowledge conveyed in the Report be applied or not, at least we should consider it as certain that henceforth those in supreme authority will study the Report, and allow no more buildings to be put up at unnecessary expense and labour, which, when built, are noteworthy only in these respects, that they are applied to purposes for which they are utterly unfitted, and as houses of cure professedly, are absolutely the centres of physical degeneration.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

January 8.—Sir C. Lyell, F.G.S., in the chair. Charles Sturtivant Wood, Esq., Geological Survey of Otago, New Zealand; Robert Harris Valpy, Esq., Eborone, Hants; and W. S. Horton, Esq., 10, Church Street, Liverpool, were elected Fellows.

The following communications were read:—

1. "On the Carboniferous Limestone of Oretton and Farlow, Clee Hills, Shropshire." By Professor John Morris, V.P.G.S., and George E. Roberts, Esq. With a Note upon a new species of *Pterichthys*; by Sir P. de M. G. Egerton, Bart., M.P., F.G.S.

The rocks described in this paper are a series of thin beds of limestone and sandstone lying between the Old Red Sandstone of South Shropshire and the Millstone Grit which forms the basement of the Titterstone Clee coal-field.

In consequence of the opening of new quarries and the cutting of a roadway through the Farlow ridge, transversely to the strike of these deposits, the authors were enabled to add somewhat to the description of the locality given in *The Silurian System*. The series of deposits from the Old Red "cornstone" upwards, was shown by them to be:—
1. Laminated yellow sandstones, with pebble-beds and sands. 2. Bright-yellow sandstones containing *Pterichthys*. 3. Brecciated yellow sandstones, pebble-beds, sandy layers, and laminated sandstones. 4. Sandy and concretionary limestone. 5. Grey oolitic limestones, containing palatal teeth of great size. 6. Clays, with ferruginous bands. 7. Shaly crinoidal limestones. 8. Clays with limestone-concretions, and shaly limestones. Against the last-mentioned bed, the millstone grit rests unconformably.

These beds thicken out at Oretton, a mile east of this Farlow section, and are there extensively worked for various economic purposes, the oolitic limestones, locally termed "jumbles," being used for decorative purposes under the name of Clee Hill marble. In describing the physical conditions of the localities, mention was made of the "Mole river," which, losing itself at the west end of the ridge, takes a subterranean course nearly parallel with its axis, and reappears at its lower end, a mile distant. An interesting fact was communicated to the authors by the Rev. J. Williams, of Farlow, of an accidental accumulation in the hollow of its inlet, of a body of water estimated at 1,635,000 cubic feet, the whole of which was carried away in forty-eight hours by the sudden clearance of the channel.

In describing the palaeontology of these works, the authors specially drew attention to the fortunate discovery in the yellow sandstone of Farlow, of *Pterichthys macrocephalus* (spec. nov., Egerton), made while reducing the thickness of a large ripple-marked slab sent them by Mr. Weaver Jones, in illustration of the physical conditions of the deposit. This *Pterichthys* proving identical with the fragment previously found in the Farlow sandstone by Thomas Baxter, Esq., F.G.S., they attached to the paper a descriptive note on that fossil, by Sir Philip Egerton, in which the Farlow *Pterichthys* was contrasted with that of Dura Den, and additional proof

given of the identity of the genera *Pamphractus* and *Pterichthys*. In addition to pterichthyoid remains, scales of two species of *Holotypichthys*, one probably new, had been found by them.

The richness of the overlying limestones in palatal teeth was shown by a fine series of examples, amongst which *Orodus ramosus*, of unusual size and in perfect condition, and an undescribed *Pecilodus*, of great magnitude, were most conspicuous. Other genera represented were *Helodus*, *Psammodus*, *Cladodus*, *Cochliodus*, *Petalodus*, and *Ctenoptichthys*. Ichthyodurites, of large size and rich ornament, chiefly belonging to the genera *Ctenacanthus* and *Oracanthus*, accompany these teeth.

The notices of the invertebrate fauna given by the authors proved the assumed lowness of the Oretton limestones in the mountain-limestone series, —the zone of *Rhynchonella pleurodon* being well-marked, crinoidal and bryozoan remains abundant though fragmentary, and Corals nearly absent.

A large series of *Pterichthys* and of rock-specimens were exhibited in illustration by Mr. George E. Roberts; and a collection of palatal teeth was liberally sent for exhibition by W. Weaver Jones, Esq., of Cleobury Mortimer, and by Edward Baugh, Esq., of Bewdley.

2. "On some Fossil Plants, showing Structure, from the Lower Coal-measures of Lancashire." By E. W. Binney, Esq., F.R.S., F.G.S.

After noticing the views taken of the structure of *Lepidodendron* by Hooker and others, the author proceeded to describe three portions of calcified stems, lepidodendroid in external appearance, two of which exhibit in section a central axis composed, not of cellular tissue, but of large, transversely barred, hexagonal vessels. These two specimens the author refers to a new species, *Sigillaria vascularis*. The third specimen differs from the others in the absence of the thin radiating cylinder of barred vessels around the central axis; this he terms *Lepidodendron vasculare*.

Microscopical preparations and photographs of sections were supplied by the author.

3. "Supplemental Notes on the Plant-beds of Central India." By the Rev. S. Hislop. In a Letter to the Assistant-Secretary.

Mr. Hislop, in noticing the discovery of more remains of plants, insects, and fishes at Kota, on the Pranhita, stated that he certainly now thought that the ichthyolithic beds of Kota (probably Lower Jurassic in age) are higher in relative position than the plant-sandstone of Nagpur, which, with the Sironcha sandstone underlying the Kota limestone, belong to the Damuda group. He remarked also that in his opinion, the *Teniopterus* of Kampti would prove that the Damuda and Rajmahal groups cannot be widely separated.

BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

January 8.—T. J. Pettigrew, F.R.S., F.S.A., V.P., in the chair.

The Chairman expressed, on the part of the Officers and Council of the Association, at this, the first meeting for the year, their deep and unfeigned regret, in which every member of the body participated, for the decease of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort. By this event the nation had sustained an irreparable loss, and in particular those associations having for their object the promotion of art, researches into, and elucidation of, its history. The distinguished and refined taste of his late Royal Highness, his zeal and ardent exertions in promotion of all objects calculated to extend learning, advance the civilization of man, elevate his character, and relieve distress, had endeared him to every Englishman; and it would not be possible to select any individual capable of supplying his place in any one of the varied objects to which he had directed his attention. The possession of such talent and power, which qualified him not only to embrace minutiae, but also to generalize them, was alone the attribute of special genius, and served to increase our sorrow for his loss. The Association had enjoyed the honour of His Royal Highness's patronage at their Congress in 1855, at the Isle of Wight, and it had also received from His Royal Highness a donation to the funds to aid in the illus-

tration of the antiquities of that locality. Of these services the Association would ever entertain the most lively sense of gratitude. No less sincerely do the members of the Association sympathize with Her Most Gracious Majesty in her profound sorrow for the loss of such distinguished excellence, and pray the Almighty Disposer of Events to sustain her under so great an affliction.

The following were elected Associates:—R. N. Philips, Esq., F.S.A., of Broom Hall, York, and the Hall Staircase, Temple; Arthur Shute, Esq., Liverpool; Thomas Shapter, M.D., Exeter; William Poole King, Esq., Clifton; and Charles Pearce, Esq., Grove Hill, Camberwell.

Thanks were voted for various presents from the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire, the Art Union, Canadian Institute, Mr. Fulcher, and Mr. Hillary Davies, the latter being a plan of the discoveries made at Uriconium during the past year.

Mr. Geo. Godwin, F.R.S., F.S.A., communicated a letter he had received, together with a copy of the *Worcester Herald*, relating further particulars of the discovery made at Worcester Cathedral, and of which an account had been sent to the previous meeting by the Dean of Worcester. A discussion ensued, in which Mr. Pettigrew alluded to, and produced a drawing of, the leaden coffin of Dr. Wm. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, at Hempstead, Essex, which is in the human form. These, he stated, belonged to the seventeenth century. Drawings are promised by the architect of the discoveries at the Cathedral.

Mr. Syer Cuming exhibited three early seals in the possession of the Corporation of Canterbury, and gave a particular description of them. They were of the Major or Custos of the city, the seal for the recognition of debtors, and one of the Baptism of the Saviour, probably belonging to the hospital of St. John the Baptist or Northgate hospital.

Dr. Kendrick exhibited an impression of the seal of Roger, porter of the Castle of Exeter.

Mr. Gidley, town clerk of Exeter, exhibited impressions of three seals of the fourteenth century belonging to the corporation, being the civic seal, the seal of the Mayor, and the seal for the recognition of debts.

Mr. T. G. Norris, of Exeter, also exhibited impressions of two seals of the fifteenth century, belonging to Exeter, that of the College of Vicars Choral, and of Thomas Dene, the last friar of St. James's Abbey.

Mr. Syer Cuming read some notes on Roman remains found in Exeter, and alluded to the Penates discovered in 1778, upon which a paper was read by Mr. Pettigrew at the late congress. The bronze Penates were laid upon the table, being two of Mercury, one of Mars, one of Ceres, and another of Apollo.

Mr. P. Orlando Hutchinson sent a drawing of a bronze celt, found with many others in a tumulus five miles north-east of Sidmouth, "The Stone Barrow Plot," completely levelled in October last.

Mr. G. R. Wright, F.S.A., exhibited an oval ivory miniature of Queen Elizabeth, supposed to be by Zuccheri; Mr. Solly, F.R.S., F.S.A., produced two miniatures of the Queen, by Isaac Oliver and Hilliard (?), both from Dr. Mead's collection. Mr. Cuming exhibited a bronze medallion of the same, of fine workmanship, probably by Hilliard; Mr. Bohn, a beautiful and highly-finished miniature by Vertue, and another on copper and in oil, together with portraits of Mary, and a large silver chasing of the latter, having a date of 1580. Mr. Charles Ainslie exhibited a sovereign of Elizabeth, issued in the forty-third year of her reign, found in December last among the *debris* of a house in Cheap-side, opposite Bow Church.

The remainder of the evening was occupied in the reading of a curious and interesting paper by the Rev. C. H. Hartshorne, being Illustrations of Domestic Manners during the Reign of Edward I, which gave rise to an extended conversation. The paper will be printed in the next number of the Journal.

THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

January 10.—Before commencing the ordinary

proceedings of the monthly meeting, the Vice-President, William Tite, Esq., M.P., in the chair, alluded with deep regret to the loss which the Institute had sustained in the death of their enlightened Patron the Prince Consort. In the absence of the President, Lord Talbot, it devolved on Mr. Tite to bear his testimony to the high qualities of the Prince, the devotion of his time and thoughts to the objects of art and purposes of national instruction. The Institute had profited by his gracious encouragement, by his presence at their meetings, and by his enlightened counsel. The irreparable loss of so kind and beneficent a Patron was a subject of deep regret to every one present, and to every one who took an interest in the ancient monuments of the country.

An address of Royal condolence was read, which had been laid before her Majesty by Lord Talbot, the President of the Institute, as a humble expression of deep sympathy in so great a calamity.

Mr. Petrie, of Kirkwall, Orkney, communicated drawings and a notice of the remains of a church of circular form, called the Girth House, in Orkney. It stood near the palace of Jarl Paul, who lived in the twelfth century. This church is believed to be the only type in North Britain, of a form common enough in other parts of northern Europe. No example of the kind is known in Ireland. A little church at Altenfurt, near Nuremberg, closely resembles it. Professor Donaldson remarked on this peculiar class of churches—more especially those in this country—they all date from the twelfth century. The Chairman mentioned the round church at Northampton, which had suffered much from decay; he had lately visited it, and was glad to say that it was in the hands of Mr. Gilbert Scott, and was to be secured from further decay. The restoration was intended to be a memorial to the late Marquis of Northampton, a former President to the Institute, whose kind and generous support was doubtless gratefully remembered by many present.

A memoir was read, addressed to the Institute by one of its foreign corresponding members, Count Tyszkiewicz, Associate of the Antiquarian Society at Wilna, describing the antiquities of the province of Lithuania. In common with other countries of Northern Europe, Lithuania had none of those monuments which arrest the attention of antiquaries in the other parts of Europe, viz. the traces left by Roman occupation. His country had been traversed by the various nations who had emigrated from Asia to the southward and westward of Europe. The traces left were chiefly entrenchments and tumuli. The memoir was accompanied by a series of illustrations most carefully prepared. The Count divided the monuments of antiquity into four classes:—forts built at the meeting of two streams, or on the banks of rivers; entrenched places of worship, generally on the top of isolated hills; in these are constantly found small cavities full of ashes and charcoal, bearing marks, as the Count believes, of sacrifices; in the third place are large enclosed spaces, designed, as it is believed, for the holding of councils and the administration of justice; and in the fourth place, the tumuli, in Polish, called Kurhany; these works the Count again distinguished by the uses for which they appear to have been made. Some of them appear to have been merely raised round the camps as posts for observation; others appear to have marked the line of emigration; others, again, are sepulchral, and contain relics of stone, bronze, and iron, of the same kind as those which are found in England and Europe generally: female ornaments have been found in abundance, made of glass, stone, and, near the sea-coast, ornaments of amber.

Mr. E. Lloyd, of Ramsgate, read a paper, "On the Landing of Julius Caesar in Great Britain." His views were in opposition to those of Professor Airey and Mr. Lewin. Mr. Lloyd had spent a great deal of time in exploring the ground during his residence in Kent. He had satisfied himself that Caesar had set forth on his first passage into Britain from Wissant; he had landed in Cantium, a name which Mr. Lloyd maintained belonged to that portion only of Kent which is called the Isle of Thanet; that possibly the name might have been extended to Dover and Canterbury, but not further; that Cantium Acron of Ptolemy was the North Fore-

land; that there was no reason for supposing that the name Cantium was ever applied to the country as far to the west as Romney Marsh. Mr. Shoulden, from his examination of the coast, was inclined to believe that Shoulden, behind Deal, was the exact spot where Caesar landed: he maintained that at the time Caesar reached the coast, somewhere about Dover, the tide was making to the northward. Referring to the fact that Rutupiae was in those times an island, he called attention to the great changes which had taken place on the coast, and especially to the change which had left dry the estuary which once divided the Isle of Thanet from the mainland. These changes he attributed to the deepening of the channel in the Straits of Dover.

A notice of the Breden Stone was read. It is the remnant of a Roman pharos, on the western heights of Dover; it was brought to view last summer, while some barracks were being built, and a photograph of it was exhibited by Mr. W. Clayton, of Dover. Lambarde, and other Kentish antiquaries, mention it under the name of the Devil's Drop. The Lord Warden were sworn into their office on this stone. It has been covered up with chalk and rubbish since the year 1806, was uncovered again last year, and is now once more concealed.

Some observations were offered by the Rev. C. Y. Crawley, of Gloucester, on the sumptuous gold chalice and paten, of which he sent a drawing; they are used in the church of Matson, Gloucestershire, to which they were presented by George Augustus Selwyn, representative for Gloucester in several Parliaments. This costly treasure had been given to him by the Earl of Albemarle, by whom they were taken from a church at the Hanavon. A well preserved stone axe, found near Honiton, was brought by Miss Ffrangton; it is of curiously streaked chert, and a good specimen of these primeval weapons. Several sculptures in ivory were exhibited; a remarkable casket, by Mr. Webb, lately obtained from the Treasury at Veroli, near Rome, and on which mythological subjects are represented in very unusual style, with foliage and decorations of early classical character; also a diminutive diptych, with sacred subjects, found in a stone coffin in Chichester cathedral, exhibited by Mr. Mills; and Professor Westwood contributed a cast of a remarkable sculptured tablet at Treves. Mr. Bernhard Smith brought some horse-armour, engraved elaborately, probably Spanish; also a curious peaked helmet with a nasal, a pair of shoes of chain-mail, &c., from the Imperial Arsenal at Constantinople.

At the ensuing meeting on Feb. 7, Professor Westwood will give notices of examples of early art in France, and memoirs were announced to be read, on church-architecture in Somerset, by Mr. Godwin, on archaeological discoveries in the Isle of Wight, in Northumberland, Cornwall, &c.

MANCHESTER LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

January 7.—Edward Schunck, Ph.D., F.R.S., Vice-President, in the chair.

Prof. Dr. Johannes Gistel, of Kempten, in Bavaria; Frederico Lancia di Brolo, Inspector of Studies in the University of Palermo; and James Nasmyth, Esq., C.E., were elected Corresponding Members of the Society.

A paper was read by J. P. Joule, LL.D., President, entitled "Experiments on some Amalgams."

A paper was also read "On the Conductibility of Heat by Amalgams," by Dr. F. Crace Calvert, F.R.S., and Mr. Richard Johnson.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

January 11.—Lord Strangford, President, in the chair.

The Hon. Robert Curzon was elected a resident, and Captain James Puckle a non-resident member of the Society.

Besides valuable donations to the library from different sources, variety of gold, silver, and copper coins were presented to the museum by A. A. Roberts and Thomas Ogilvy, Esqs. The former gentleman also presented an antique carved cup, and two ancient inscribed copper plates, which were dug up in the neighbourhood of Hassan-Abdal, near

Rawul-Pindee, in the Punjab. From a first examination by E. Norris, Esq., and Sir H. Rawlinson, these plates are found to be inscribed in the so-called Bactrian (or Cabul) characters, formed of small sunk dots, similarly to those found in the Manikyala Tope, which have not yet been satisfactorily read and explained. They are valuable, then, as affording to scholars more copious materials for study. One plate contains five lines; the second, four; and in this second plate the word *Takhasila* (*Taxila*) is read. That city has been supposed by some to have stood on the site of Manikyala; but Sir H. Rawlinson prefers to assign the true site to Hassan-Abdal, situated in a fertile plain, whereas Manikyala stands where a city never could have flourished. Many other words are clearly legible on the plates, but no definite meaning to the inscriptions is yet assigned.

An impression from a seal in ancient Phoenician characters, presented by Niven Moore, Esq., British Consul-General at Beyrout, was lately presented. The word *Bal* is patent, and that of *Melkart* is probable; but in the rest of the short inscription letters of unusual form occur, and render the reading very difficult.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

January 13.—The Rev. John Barlow, M.A., F.R.S., Vice-President, in the chair.

The following Address to her Majesty the Queen, in reference to the decease of H.R.H. the Prince Consort, Vice-Patron of the Royal Institution, on December 14th last, was read and unanimously adopted:—

"To the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty:

"May it please your Majesty,

"We, the Members of the Royal Institution of Great Britain, respectfully desire to express to your Majesty our grief for the loss which has fallen upon the Kingdom, upon our Institution, and, with exceeding weight, upon your Majesty personally.

"May it please God, who grants consolation in His own due time, to give it to your Majesty, even while your thoughts are directed towards him that is gone, and may the recollection of our Prince's doings whilst in life, have an abiding influence for good upon the many millions who have heard of and rejoiced in his name."

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

January 13.—Sir Roderick I. Murchison, Vice-President, in the chair.

Commander R. C. Mayne, R.N., Rev. Jordan Palmer, Sir Joshua Rowse, C.B., Colonel H. Dalrymple White, C.B., G. F. Banks, Surg. R.N., A. Barton, L. Clark, J. Goddard, Jun., J. McCosh, M.D., F. Martin, H. Nourse, G. D. Ramsay, A. Thorne, and W. F. Webb, Esqs., were elected Fellows.

Among the accessions to the Library and Map Room since the last meeting were—Ravenstein's *Russians on the Amur*, Abstracts of the Principal Lines of Spirit-Levelling in Scotland by the Ordnance Survey, Transactions of various home and foreign societies, complete suit of a Japanese warrior from Consul Pemberton Hodgson, &c.

Several photographs taken in the Andaman Islands, and various bows and arrows, nets, and drinking vessels used by the aborigines of those islands, were exhibited at the meeting.

The Chairman, in the absence of the President, Lord Ashburton, read an Address of Condolence to her Majesty from the President and Council of the Society, which had been signed by his Lordship. He then read an extract from a letter to him from the Governor of South Australia, announcing that Burke and Wills had crossed the Australian continent, and returned to Cooper Creek, where they had miserably perished from starvation. Sir Roderick next read extracts from a letter addressed to him by Mr. R. Thornton, descriptive of his journey from Mombas to Kiléma, made in company with a German, Baron von Decken. They had attempted to ascend the snow-capped Kilimandjaro, but had to turn back after having reached the height of 8000 feet, and returned by Dafeta to Wangi on the coast. They estimated the height of Kilimandjaro from 15,000 to 20,000 feet. Mr. Thornton then enters into a full description of the physical and geological features of the country, and concludes by expressing

a hope shortly to return to Mombas to examine the Rabbai coal-fields.

Dr. Mouat, of the Bengal Army, F.R.G.S., then read a paper, entitled, "Narrative of an Expedition to the Andaman Islands," in 1857. The object of the expedition was to select a suitable site for a convict settlement, as well as harbours of refuge for shipwrecked mariners, who were invariably murdered by the savages when cast away on their inhospitable shores. A brief history of all that was known regarding the islands prior to 1857 was given. The narrative then detailed the examination of the eastern and western shores, and particularized the chief geographical and hydrographical features of the islands—the magnificence of the land-locked harbours and the remarkable luxuriance of the vegetation being chiefly dwelt upon. A brief account was also given of a visit to the singular volcano at Barren Island; and some errors regarding it, as contained in works on geology, were corrected. The paper was concluded by a detailed account of the aborigines of the island, their manners and customs, their dwellings, canoes, means of offence and defence, marriage ceremonies, mode of disposing of the dead, and various other particulars of interest regarding them. They were shown not to be cannibals, and, although implacably hostile to all strangers, to be humane, sociable, and kindly-disposed towards each other in their intercourse with their own people. It was mentioned incidentally that three or four of them were now in Burmah, who were being educated with a view to become the medium of future communication with their countrymen; and the hope was expressed that they might thus be rescued from their present state of degradation and barbarism.

Mr. Galton then read the second paper, "On the Trade of the Eastern Archipelago with New Guinea and its Islands," by A. R. Wallace, Esq., F.R.G.S. The paper described the principal islands in the vicinity of New Guinea, with which trade is regularly maintained from the Eastern Archipelago, giving an account of the inhabitants, their articles of commerce, and the mode in which trade is carried on. These scanty but valuable notes were collected by Mr. Wallace during three voyages to various parts of New Guinea and its islands.

Sir Roderick then called upon Professor Owen, who observed, that having had the pleasure of examining the bones of a skeleton of an inhabitant of the Andaman Islands, he should say that he never saw any of those characteristics indicating the healthy exercise of the human frame so strongly marked as in the bones of these little men, whose average height was about four feet nine or ten inches. He then detailed the results of his examination of the skeleton, and remarked that there were no indications of their being allied either to the African negro, or to the Papuans, or any Asiatic nation; but that they might be the representatives of an old race inhabiting some large continent in those regions which had disappeared, owing to the geographical changes which had arisen in consequence of some great volcanic eruptions. He concluded by stating, that there were no signs of affinity to any lower form of the animal kingdom, they being a bold, witty, and active people; and that their frame showed how admirably our human form was adapted for mastery over the earth, in whatever sphere the human species was placed.

After a few remarks by Mr. Crawford, the Chairman congratulated the meeting on having heard such an excellent paper as that of Dr. Mouat's, and also on having had the pleasure of listening to Professor Owen.

The meeting was then adjourned to the 27th inst.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

Tuesday, January 14.—John Hawkshaw, Esq., F.R.S., President, in the chair.

Mr. Hawkshaw delivered his inaugural address, in which he adverted to the wide range of subjects embraced by the profession of a Civil Engineer, and observed that in no pursuit was progress more apparent than in it. Thus, within the last thirty years, about seventy thousand miles of railway had been made in different countries, at an outlay of eleven hundred millions of pounds sterling, fully one-half

of which expenditure had been under the direction of British engineers. Again, in 1835, the swiftest Atlantic packets depended wholly on the sails, and the voyage occupied twenty days; whereas now the journey was performed by steamers in nine days. Ten years ago the steam-boats plying between Holyhead and Dublin, then, as now, among the fastest afloat, had attained a speed of seventeen miles an hour, whilst last year the new boats reached a speed on their trial-trips of twenty miles and a half an hour. Since 1848 the speed of her Majesty's screw line of battle-ships had been doubled. During the same period the build and construction of steam-boats had been greatly improved; and the doubts which prevailed until very lately whether iron was the best material for line-of-battle ships, seemed now nearly dispelled, although the rapidity with which iron fouled would, unless some remedy could be devised, always be a source of trouble. The precise and the best mode of constructing iron ships of war was next considered, and it was urged that, by the adoption of an improved system, the whole of the iron used in their structure might be made to add to the strength of a ship, as well as be useful for its defence, which was not the case at present. With regard to speed, it was with steamers, as with locomotive engines, a question rather of what velocity we could afford to pay for than of what rapidity could be physically attained; for there was no doubt the speed of either could be accelerated beyond any point the nation could at present afford. With respect to railways there was an anomaly which, before long, would require attention. Thus, to make way for passenger trains, goods and mineral trains were in many cases hurried on, manifestly to the prevention of due economy.

In grouping engineering works, the electric telegraph might be classed with railways and with steam navigation. All were agents of intercommunication, tending to the same important ends; but of the three, the electric telegraph was, by the peculiarity of its operation, the most wonderful. Since 1839, when the first public telegraph was established, about 14,500 miles of telegraph had been opened in this country, 100,000 miles in the rest of Europe, upwards of 48,000 miles in the American States, and the total extent of telegraph at this moment could not be less than 200,000 miles. On land, this most useful discovery had been uniformly successful. Like railways, it had grown (in Great Britain by public support alone) into an "institution." Ocean telegraphy had been less fortunate in its results.

Simultaneously with the rapid advance of these works, there had been great progress in another branch of engineering—gunnery—with which civil engineers had latterly become connected. Within the last few years the range of artillery had been doubled; the weight of the gun in proportion to that of the projectile had been reduced one-half; and the capacity for powder of the elongated as compared with the round shell, had been more than doubled. This great advance in the destructive power of cannon, had rendered most of the old fortifications useless. As ships were being clothed in iron mail, so it seemed probable that iron would be largely used in modern fortifications; and for embrasures, that material offered great advantages. Forts might in some cases be built principally, if not wholly, of iron; and Mr. Hawkshaw hoped it would be adopted for the superstructure of the large sea-forts at Spithead, the construction of the foundations for which had been entrusted to him.

Having noticed some of the advantages that might result from a greatly improved quality of iron, or a cheap manufacture of steel, or of a metal approaching steel in character—including the possibility of increasing the size and power of cannon, of constructing bridges of greater span, and of reducing the at-present unwieldy size of paddle and screw shafts, cranks, axles, and other portions of all sorts of machinery—attention was called to the great facilities afforded by the use of iron cylinders in sinking and securing foundations.

There was one other subject connected with mechanics, which had hitherto been barren of result—the discovery of a new motive power; for the steam engine remained the only tame giant that was usefully subject to the will of man. So long as

motive power was to be obtained through the intervention of heat, or until a cheaper fuel than coal could be found, it seemed improbable that the steam engine would be superseded by any other machine; though it would not be safe to predict that considerable improvements might not be made in the steam engine, or in engines to be worked by coal.

In conclusion, the President observed that engineers might feel, when labouring on public works for facilitating the intercourse of nations, that they were not merely conquering physical difficulties, but were also aiding in a great moral and social work, for it was distance and separation that led to misapprehension and prejudice, to ignorance and mistrust, to rebellion and war.

At the Monthly Ballot, the following Candidates were balloted for and duly elected:—Messrs. A. L. Sight, J. R. Mosse, and J. C. Smith, as Members; the Lord Richard Grosvenor, M.P., and Messrs. H. A. Hunt, Jun., and H. H. Keeling, as Associates.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

TUESDAY.—*Institution of Civil Engineers*, 8.—Renewed Discussion on the Discharge from Underrainage, &c., and, if time permits, on the Form and Materials for Iron-Plated Ships, and the points requiring attention in the construction; by Mr. J. D. A. Samuda. *Statistical Society*, 8.—On the Statistics of Sweden, by F. Hendriks, Esq.

WEDNESDAY.—*British Archaeological Association*, 8½.—On a Tomb with Armorial Bearings at Brighton, Salop, by Mr. Planché—Discovery of a Roman Villa at West Coker, Somersetshire, by Mr. Moore.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

January 21, three o'clock.—John Marshall, Esq.: On the Physiology of the Senses.

January 23, three o'clock.—Professor Tyndall: On Heat.

January 24, eight o'clock.—Professor Rolleston: On the Affinities and Differences between the Brain of Man and the Brains of certain Animals.

January 25, three o'clock.—Rev. A. J. D'Orsey: On the English Language.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Sir,—I take this opportunity of saying that I accept the reviewer's remarks on my novel, *The Cost of a Coronet*, in the last number of the *Literary Gazette*, "in the friendly spirit in which they are dictated." However we may differ in opinion on many points, I acknowledge the impartial and candid tone of his notice, and the word of praise in the midst of his censure is the more gratifying because evidently sincere. The reviewer, however, admits "dissatisfaction" with his own critical judgment, and confesses the difficulty of arriving at "the merits of a work from a single perusal." Well knowing the arduous duties of reviewers, the limited space which must of necessity be accorded to each work, and the fact that, as a general rule, authors would rather see any notice of their books than none, I am inclined to hope and believe, from the equitable spirit in which this gentleman writes, that a second perusal would have enabled him to find in my novel much higher aims than mere "sensation" or melodramatic writing.

I allude to the liberal religious views (not injudiciously thrust forward, but arising naturally from the context) with which the heart of England is now throbbing beneath the deceitful calm of self-styled orthodoxy, in spite of the galvanic dances of ignorant and superstitious sectarians; and, I will add, the true and needful moral I have endeavoured to convey in the character and career of "Geraldine," viz., that a woman's sin does not entitle her to be trampled in the dirt; that erring women ought to have the same chance of reformation permitted to men, and that those who are most ready to condemn are frequently, in the sight of God, equally, if not infinitely more culpable.

Surely such a lesson is especially requisite at the present day, when Pharisaic society shrinks from

laying a finger on the festering ulcer which is eating into the heart of our civilization, when "good religious people" weep delicious tears of sentiment over the words of the Great Teacher to the erring woman, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more;" yet never dream of making any practical application of this sublime precept of charity to the actual affairs of life.

"But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven,
By man is cursed alway."

I remain, Sir, yours obediently,
JAMES MCGREGOR ALLAN.

January 13th, 1862.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

The Christmas festivities having in some measure subsided, and the attractions of pantomime lost some of their brightness, these concerts recommenced on Monday, before a large audience. M. Vieuxtemps has disappeared for a time, and his place is taken by Mr. Sainton, who, as an interpreter of classical works, has few rivals; and instead of the violincellist Mr. Paque, Mr. Piatte appears, whose tone and style are irreproachable. Mr. Ries (second violin) and Mr. Webb (viola) retain their former positions, and their competence is well recognized. Mr. Charles Halle is the pianist, and for classical music it would be difficult to name his superior. Miss Banks and Miss Dolby were the vocalists engaged for the occasion. The chamber music presented was Spohr's quartet in E minor (Op. 45), Beethoven's sonata in E flat (Op. 81), "Les Adieux," sonata by the same in F, for pianoforte and violoncello, and Haydn's trio in G, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello. Miss Banks was highly successful in a song by the long-neglected Dussek, "Name the Glad Day;" and Madame Sainton's powerful dramatic delivery told with great effect in Glück's "Divinité du Styx." Mr. Benedict accompanied the vocal music with much delicacy and judgment.

MR. HOWARD GLOVER'S ANNUAL CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

Mr. Glover's claim to public patronage has long been acknowledged, and his annual concerts been deservedly supported. Since his concert of 1861, he has added to his laurels materially, having not only produced a successful opera, but appeared in the double capacity of composer and author. At his concert on Saturday little opportunity was afforded of judging his ability as composer; not only did he furnish nothing new, but, with singular modesty, placed only two of his popular vocal pieces in the programme. Notwithstanding this, it contained an apparently interminable variety of music, and a regiment of artists to execute it. Time was, when seven pieces in each part were considered abundance for a concert, but instead of fourteen altogether, Mr. Glover's list comprised forty-eight numbers. This is a very serious change, and very far from an improvement. Nobody, how great soever his musical appetite may be, can bestow his undivided attention on an entertainment of such length, without extreme fatigue—not to say disgust; but if these monster meetings, consisting of the very good and the very bad, pay better than those of reasonable length and exclusively refined material, we cannot blame the annual concert-giver for choosing the former. Where there are so many artists gathered together, equality of talent and reputation is not to be expected, and this occasion formed no exception to the rule, many of the performers being of the first class, and of European reputation, while others were undistinguished novices of no reputation at all. We must be contented to notice some of the most interesting features, as the programme is too lengthy for detail, and the number of aspirants too formidable to consider individually. The grand duetto, "Quando di sangue," sung by Mr. Sims Reeves and Signor Belletti, was a splendid performance. The recitatives were powerfully declaimed, clear and articulate, the andante full of tender pathos, and

the spirited last movement delivered with remarkable fire and energy. Mlle. Parepa sang Ardit's Bravura à la Valse, "Il Bacio," in a lively and spirited manner, executing the most difficult portions with an exhilarating dash and brilliancy.

M. Vieuxtemps performed "Romanza" and "St. Patrick's Day" on the violin. The conscientious amateur might have preferred to hear him in a composition of more classical pretension, but in such cases the majority must be considered, and the result proved that M. Vieuxtemps had chosen judiciously. When the introductory Romanza was finished and the well-known "St. Patrick's Day" commenced, the hum of satisfaction that rose from the audience confirmed his judgment. No artist of the day possesses more facility and polish than M. Vieuxtemps, but his delivery is too artificial; and although no one can withhold admiration, there is yet something in his performance unsatisfactory. Mrs. Weiss sang Spohr's "O quanto vago," better known by the English version "Rose softly blooming," and her powerful rich voice shone conspicuously. Madame Sainton sang two songs of the ancient ballad school, viz. "The Lady of the Lea," by Mr. H. Smart, and "Oh that we two were a-maying," by Mr. Hullah, both pretty enough. But why an artist should be put down for two successive songs we cannot imagine; we believe such an arrangement detrimental to success, and not likely to enlist the sympathies of an audience. An encore is often endurable to a small portion only of the audience, and an artist deliberately commencing a second song without even the plea of an encore, is an innovation on established custom much to be deprecated. It is possible that Malibran and Madame Jenny Lind might be cited as precedents, but we prefer to consider them the exceptions. "The Lady of the Lea" was the first and most successful of the two songs, and it was delivered by Madame Sainton in the most effective style. Herr Reischart sang a *Lied* of his own composition, "Thou art near and yet so far," in a voice neither broad, rich, nor powerful, but managed with great art. The celebrated Sisters Marchisio sang the Grand Duo from "Norma" "Deh con te," for the first time in London, and it is better suited to their peculiar style than any composition we have heard them sing previously. Their continual use of the *vibrato*, an ornament that always gives an idea of earnestness and excitement, is more appropriate to this highly dramatic composition than to the tender "Giorno d' orrore." The *vibrato* in itself is a valuable accomplishment judiciously used; employed indiscriminately, an intolerable nuisance; indulged in generally, no matter how well executed, a meretricious effect, gained at the expense of natural expression. The Sisters Marchisio use it too freely, and the extreme similarity of their voices, so much lauded, is not so great an advantage to duet-singing as we are often told. Sympathetic quality will cause any voices to blend, but contrast has its value. A pure soprano and deep contralto, make a better duet than two mezzo-sopranis, or a mezzo and contralto. The voices of these artists are so similar that they might exchange parts without inconvenience to themselves. However, they sang "Deh con te" with great effect, and their success with the audience was unmistakable. Mlle. Georgi, in Mozart's aria "Non più di fiori," was supported by Mr. Lazarus in the clarionet obligato, which he performed with exquisite tone and expression. The two performers exemplified "effect without effort, and effort without effect." Macfarren's song, "My own, my guiding star," sung by Mr. Sims Reeves, created a sensation. His voice has gained lately in mellowness and breadth. Mr. Sainton performed a fantasia on the violin, "The last rose of summer," composed for him by Mr. Vincent Wallace. As a composition this may be classed with Vieuxtemps' "St. Patrick's Day," and its reception was equally flattering. Mr. Sainton has an earnest style that generally impresses his audience. Signor Belletti sang Rossini's "Sorgette" (Maometto Secondo), one of the most successful efforts of the concert, his pure Italian style, clear phrase, and forcible declamation showing conspicuously. The veteran "Ole Bull" performed a fantasia of his own composition on the violin, that might with more propriety have been termed An-

dante Religioso, Prayer, or Reverie. Whatever the title, it was charmingly performed, and with a rich vocal tone peculiarly his own.

OLYMPIC.

We had occasion to refer in the *Literary Gazette* to the performance, during the past season, by the French company acting at St. James's Theatre, of a *petite comédie*, entitled "Le Serment d'Horace." This performance was well acted and favourably received on several successive evenings; an equally propitious fate seems by no means to have attended the same incidents in an English dress. A version of this comedy has been produced at the Olympic Theatre, under the title of "Slowtop's Engagements." The translation is by Mr. H. S. Cheltnam, and its success was more than equivocal. Mr. H. Neville took the part of Mr. Clarence Greyleaf, a *blase* man of the world, who, having taken a wrong overcoat by mistake at the opera, finds in it a memorandum book containing a record of engagements to be kept during the following day by its methodical owner, Mr. Slowtop. Being greatly in want of some new excitement, he determines at once upon keeping all the appointments therein fixed, which include, in addition to mercantile transactions, a proposal of marriage in due form to *Madam Valérie Wappshot* (Miss Marston), a young widow whom he has never seen. Our readers will see that this plot offers scope for many absurdly amusing situations. The merit of these the audience was not slow to perceive, but we consider the disapprobation which it manifested was mainly directed against the character of *Eteocle Bang* (Mr. Horace Wigan), a choleric American planter, and uncle to *Mrs. Wappshot*. This character, though made the most of by Mr. Wigan, is by no means suited to him, and the idea of a man whose ordinary habit when calling for the servants was breaking the furniture or ornaments of a room, or discharging a loaded revolver, is much too absurd to be introduced into comedy. This the audience felt, and neither the pleasing acting of Mr. Neville,—though we have seen this gentleman to greater advantage,—nor the risible scenes which occurred in the progress of the drama, could save the piece at its close from loud marks of disapprobation. This reception is not common in English theatres, where a piece is seldom damned, save so far as it fails to draw an audience, and we think a lesson may be drawn from this exceptional instance, as to the advisability of dramatic authors more clearly comprehending the bounds that should always separate the characters of genteel comedy from those of broad farce.

STRAND.

A new farce, by Mr. W. Hancock, entitled "John Smith," was produced on Monday last at the Strand Theatre. The plot turns upon the fact of two persons of the same not uncommon name having taken the same apartments, and the necessary confusion attendant upon their having so done, in the shape of the opening of wrong boxes, letters, &c. Some laughable scenes were caused, but the piece was, on the whole, slight, and not original. As it progressed, many favourite pieces were recalled to our memory, and the entire reconciliation scene between the old and young *John Smith*, who turn out to be father and son, was a distinct recollection of the "Rivals." The piece was tolerably well received, and will doubtless run its allotted span of nights. Mr. J. W. Ray made it in his re-appearance on the boards of this theatre. A new serio-comic drama is announced for speedy production. The term when Englishmen wrote plays worth calling such was *tragi-comedy*; the signification of the two expressions is alike—"but oh, how different!"

MISCELLANEA.

In the wilds of Canada a gentleman has just produced a little volume of considerable interest. It is no other than a collection of the poems published by Tennyson in 1830 and 1832, which have been suppressed by him in later editions. Only a limited number of copies have been privately printed;

indeed, the volume could not very well have been published owing to the provisional enactments of the present copyright law, and a few, we understand, are on their way to this country for distribution amongst "genuine admirers" (we quote our Canadian friend's precise words) "of the poet." These extra poems have all been collated, and the different readings also of those merely altered are given, so that the little book forms a supplement to the present edition. It has been stated that Tennyson is very much adverse to the republication of these earlier poems, although competent critics aver that he has no reason whatever to be ashamed of them.

The comic periodicals of the United States are generally very sorry productions. A correspondent states that the illustrated numbers of *Vanity Fair* and the *Budget of Fun* are at the present moment full of squibs about England. The latter has some caricatures which will probably be better appreciated than than in England. One possesses considerable humour. It represents "Britannia on the Rampage," and shows an old lady whose bonnet mysteriously runs into a helmet, whose shawl bears the Cross of St. George upon it, and who carries under one arm an umbrella, and under the other a trident. She is standing before the counter of a "nation's" store, saying to a long, lank Yankee who writes at a desk near by, "I want them two men, now, you took out of my boat;" to which the Yankee store-keeper replies by calling to Seward, the shop-boy, in another part of the shop, "Here, Bill, you attend to this. Do what's right by this old gal. I can't be bothered with her just now."

A curious report is current with reference to the International Exhibition. It appears from this statement that a number of intending exhibitors, whose applications for space were rejected by the Commissioners, have raised £50,000 for the purpose of erecting an opposition building, in which to exhibit the rejected articles. Any show of opposition to this great national undertaking would be an absurdity that we do not believe people possessed of £50,000 would be guilty of. If a number of persons possess articles of interest which are not exactly suited to the tastes of H.M. Commissioners, we have no doubt, placed in a suitable private exhibition-room, plenty of visitors would honour it with their company.

The celebrated Liszt, who is wintering at Rome, has just completed an oratorio, entitled "Santa Elisabetta."

An interesting fact relative to the family of the poet Byron, may be mentioned. There has recently been erected in the Red Lodge Reformatory, at Bristol, a tablet with the following inscription:—"Sacred to the memory of Anne Isabella Noel, Dowager Lady Byron, who, ever devoting the many talents entrusted to her to the service of her Master, purchased these premises in September, 1851, for the purpose of rescuing young girls from sin and misery, and bringing them back to the paths of holiness. She was born May 17, 1792, and departed this life May 16, 1860, faithful unto death."

Michelet is about to give to the Paris public another new book. He has retired from the fatiguing life of a Paris *littérateur* to the tranquillity of a villa in the neighbourhood of Toulon, where he is busy writing *The Monarchy of Louis Quatorze*, a subject ever dear to French writers. The work, we are assured, is expected with much curiosity, as nobody has an idea what view the author has adopted of the Court and character of "le Grand Monarque," and everybody expects to find a charm in the style and *bizarries* of Michelet.

An interesting list is that published by Mr. Mudie, entitled Works of General Interest announced for Early Publication. The book at the top of the list—a place of honour, we suppose, accorded only to the most important work in the literary horizon—is *Aids to Faith*, in answer to the well-known *Essays and Reviews*. Several Lives are announced; as, for instance, those of William Blake, the mad artist, Bishop Wilson, Louise Juliane, Professor Wilson, Edward Irving (another strange character at this moment occurs to us, Joanna Southcote: when are we to have her biography?), Bishop Bowen, Leigh Hunt, Dr. Lacroix; Lord Stanhope's Life of Pitt, Vols. III. and IV.; Rev. E. T. March Phillips, Dr. James Robert-

son, Count Cavour, Brunel, and Leslie's Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds, edited with notes and additional matter, by Tom Taylor. We understand this gentleman is bestowing very considerable pains upon the work, and that the quantity of new matter, elucidative of the history of Art during Sir Joshua's prolonged career, which he has obtained from various sources, will be of the highest interest. In all, sixty-eight "important" works are announced as being under way, to be added, Mr. Mudie's list informs us, "when ready, in numbers fully proportioned to the demand."

We hear with regret of the decease of an authoress of considerable eminence in India, Mrs. Mullens, the daughter the missionary Lacroix, and well known in our Eastern Empire as the writer of *Phulmani and Karuna*, a religious work, which has become to the native church what the *Pilgrim's Progress* of Bunyan has been to the masses of England. This work, written in exquisite Bengali, has been translated into every vernacular of India. Another book by this lady was almost as popular as the preceding, *What is Christianity?* The loss of this lady will be very considerably felt by the religious teachers of India, as there are but few English ladies who care to devote their leisure to mastering the vernacular language.

The Count de Paris's new work, *Lebanon and Damascus*, is said to have met with a capital reception in Paris. One rapturous critic pronounces it "profoundly philosophic," and another estimates it the style as "rapid, strong, clear, and elegant."

Miss Emily Faithfull's Christmas venture may be pronounced a success. The first thousand of *The Victoria Regia* having all been sold, a second edition is now in active preparation. A few days ago Miss Faithfull gave an entertainment to the girls who are daily engaged at her printing establishment.

The new drama by M. Edmond About, which has just met with such noisy criticism and uproarious reception at the hands of the students of the Latin Quarter, in the Paris theatre, Odéon, is now to assume a book form, and will be published by Michel Lévy, the well known publisher of George Sand's novels. It appears that the manager of the Odéon was adverse to the removal of the piece, notwithstanding About's offer to take the drama off his hands. He found that hissing and "cat-calls"—in which peculiarity, along with a taste for beef-steaks and beer, our brothers in amity across the water are daily becoming more like ourselves—filled the house to the ceiling, and that as long as an exceedingly noisy unpopularity continued, more money would be taken than at peaceable representations. Report says—those Parisian newspapers are so very fond of their *on-dits*—that M. About has grown ill with mortification, but that he is not quite bad as to be confined to his bed.

Shakespere's Sonnets, about which there has long been so much mystery, are just now attracting the especial attention of literary students. Dr. C. Mackay is, we understand, making researches into the poetical literature of the period of their production, with a view to ascertain, if possible, what assistance, if any, Shakespere derived from his contemporaries in the composition of these exquisite verses. Dr. M. considers that the poems and literary career of the Earl of Pembroke may be studied with advantage to the inquiry. The new work by M. Barnstorff, entitled *A Key to Shakespere's Sonnets*, will shortly be published by Messrs. Triibner & Co.

A second series of the best humorous poems of the age, *The Biglow Papers*, is now in course of publication in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Why do our contemporaries so frequently misname these witty verses "The Biglow Papers?" The only "Biglow" that we are aware of, wrote a doleful work on *Job and his Comforts*,—old Josiah Biglow of the seventeenth century. If this has been the source of the misnomer, it is certainly some satisfaction to know that editors and paragraphists occupy their spare time in reading such good—if dull—books.

Few books are more popular with the reading public than those composed of the letters of talented or eminent individuals. A most interesting correspondence has recently been found between a Rev. Dr. Whalley (alluded to in Mrs. Delany's Diary,

and who brought around him many of the celebrities of the day), and Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Piozzi, Miss Seward, Hannah More, and many other well-known characters. We believe Mr. Bentley has been entrusted with the publication. It will be illustrated with engravings from some charming miniatures of Cosway, and from original portraits of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The new volume of essays by Shirley Hibberd, entitled *Brambles and Bay Leaves*, will contain, in addition to new and curious views of the economy of Nature, as exemplified in rural scenes and occupations, some novel suggestions of the relations of man and animals to the source of Being, and some distinct outlines of a triple philosophy which will, we have no doubt, attract attention in connection with the Darwinian hypothesis; and perhaps are destined to be roughly handled on metaphysical grounds.

We have received a letter from Messrs. Burn and Co., claiming for themselves the introduction of the smooth chocolate binding with a gold edge, which, in our last number, we assigned to William Hunter, of Edinburgh. The book we referred to in "A Few Words on Modern Cloth Binding" was, it seems, bound by Messrs. Burn and Co., and not by Mr. Hunter.

In the new catalogue issued by Mr. Lilly, of Bedford Street, are some interesting and rare works; among which are to be noted a scarce and curious collection of English historical tracts, a perfect copy of Painter's *Fallace of Pleasure* (1567-69), the Duchess of Newcastle's *Life of the Duke*, and other works of equal interest.

The German Museum in Nurnberg has received some new and valuable additions:—the well-known procession-flag of Albert Dürer, a great war-flag of the sixteenth century, the curious silver reliquary in which the jewels of the Empire were kept since 1424, an altar-piece by Master Wilhelm, of Cologne, wood-carvings from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century, &c.

There has appeared *Among the Ruins*, a German novel in four volumes, by Franz von Hemmersdorf. It is the Rome of our days with all its social, religious, and political woes of which the author, advantageously known already as a novelist, treats here.

Professor George Curtius, from Kiel, has been appointed to the chair of Classical Antiquity, at the University of Leipzig, vacant through the death of Nitsch.

The political works of Heinrich von Kleist, never before printed, are in the course of publication. Professor Rudolph Köpke is the editor.

Of Prince Frederick of Sleswig-Holstein's *Reminiscences of the Years 1848 to 1850*, the second edition has appeared already.

The *Constitutionnel* announces the acquisition of two new works by Lamartine for its feuilleton: *Le Manuscrit de ma Mère*, and *La Vie de Lord Byron, d'après des documents nouveaux*.

Of Bogumil Goltz's new psychological work, *Beyond the Fig-Leaves*, the first volume has appeared.

A caravan of French painters, headed by Gérôme, has left Paris for Egypt. They have taken with them a great stock of materials; among other things, a great river-boat, with which they mean to push up the Nile as far as they can get.

Karl Immermann's comic poem, *Tuhfantenchen*, has appeared in an illustrated edition at Berlin. It is a great pity that Hosemann, otherwise a very clever artist, should have understood and represented most of the comical incidents and allusions in a decidedly serious manner.

Another German writer, Dr. Beitzke, author of a celebrated work on the so-called German Wars of Liberty (against Napoleon), has been elected Member of the Prussian Chambers.

According to a computation in the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, there were in 1860 about 100,000 miles of electric telegraph-wire drawn all over the globe, not including the double and the submarine lines; of railways there were about 60,000 miles ready, of which there are about 30,000 in North America, 11,000 in England, and 10,000 in Germany. The entire length of lines now in use would go twice round the earth, and those in course of construction might be a third of the equator in length.

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MONTHLY, PRICE HALF-A-CROWN.

A NEW SERIES COMMENCED WITH THE NUMBER FOR JANUARY, 1862.

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Subscribers and the Public may rest assured that in no degree will the efforts of the Conductors of the ART-JOURNAL be relaxed. The Editor, and his many valued coadjutors, will continue to labour, with heart and energy, to render it in all respects commensurate with the growing intelligence of the age; to supply information upon every subject interesting to the Artist, the Amateur, the Manufacturer, and the Artisan: making it not only a record of all "news" concerning the Arts and their various ramifications,—a reporter of every incident it may be desirable to communicate,—but, by drawing on the resources of experienced and enlightened men, affording such information and instruction as may advance the great cause of Art—teaching, while gratifying, its professors and those who pursue Art as a source of pleasure and enjoyment.

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